



MUSICK.

Although the Cannon, and the Churlish Drum-
Have strooke the Quire mute, and the Organs Dumb:
Yet Musicks Art with Ayre and String, and Voyce
Makes glad the Sad, and Sorrow to Reioyce.



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SELECT
AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES

For One, Two, and Three Voyces;
TO THE
THEORBO-LUTE or BASSE-VIOL.

Composed by { *John Wilson*
 { *Charles Colman* } Doctors in Musick.

 { *Henry Lawes*
 { *William Lawes* } Gentlemen and Servants to his late
 { *Nicholas Laneare* } Majesty in his Publick and Private
 { *William Webb* } Musick.

And other Excellent Masters of Musick.



LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid* for *John Playford*, and are to be sold at his Shop
in the *Inner Temple*, neer the Church dore. 1659.

SELECT

AYR

DAVID GIBBS

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR THE BLIND
10, SOUTH VIEW, LONDON, W.14

AM



1871

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR THE BLIND
10, SOUTH VIEW, LONDON, W.14

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Muscicall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endeavor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Courteous Sirs,
 Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the Folia from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need onely to crave the Judicious to mend with their Pen.

A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

Books for Vocal Musick.

1. *Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.*
2. *Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.*
3. *Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.*
4. *Mr. Walter Porter's first Set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.*
5. *Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo Lute: Printed 1657.*
6. *Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.*
7. *Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilton, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions 1659.*
8. *Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes,*
{
First Book fol. Printed 1653.
viz. his Second Book fol. Printed 1655.
{
Third Book fol. Printed 1658.
9. *Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.*
10. *A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
11. *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin, by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
12. *The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.*

Books for Instrumental Musick.

1. *Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantasies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.*
2. *Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.*
3. *Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.*
4. *Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.*
5. *A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.*
6. *The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.*

All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled; also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

Musick Books shortly to come forth.

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entituled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most Knowing Master of that Instrument, *Mr. Christopher Simpson*.

Also a Book for the *Virginals*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

A Lovers Melancholy Repose.

The Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless

doubt, to wail such woes as time cannot recure, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my

gates, and at my gates despair shall linger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune will.

Mr. Nich. Lanew.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of live repentance linkt with long desire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay,
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears faine from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise,
And at my gates,

Loves ingratitude.

Ake, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that

break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.

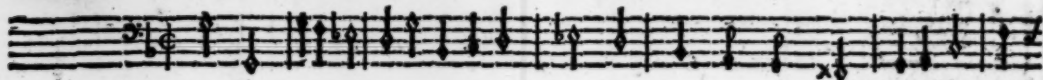
Dr. Wilson:

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome bears;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those Icy Chaines by thee.

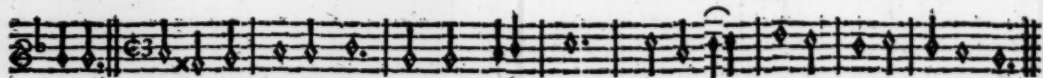
Cupid's weak Artillery.



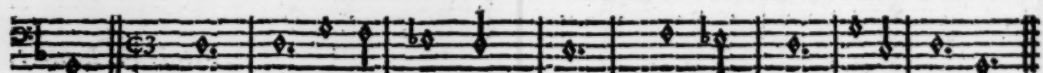
Come Lovers all to me, and cease your mourning : Love hath no shafts to shoot, no more



brands burning: He means my pains that you from pains deliver, for in my breast he's emptied all his



Quiver. Had he not been a child he would have known, he's lost a thousand servants to kill one.

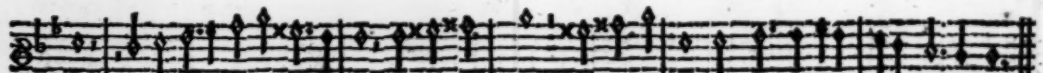
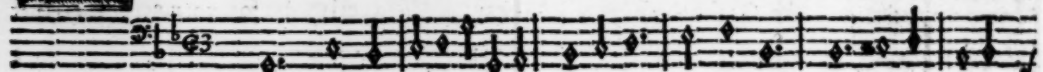


Mr. Henry Lawes.

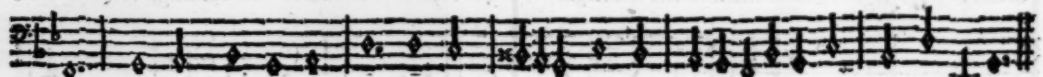
Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



He that loves me for my self, for affection, not base self, ne'r regarding my de-



scent, gesture, feature, but intent, she, on-ly she, she, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.



Mr. William Webb.

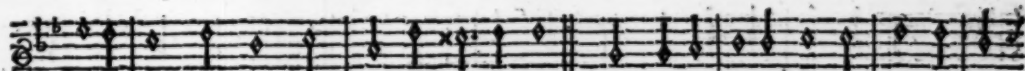
She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire;
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve
Ne'r to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that stern fate
May hereafter seem to threat:
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

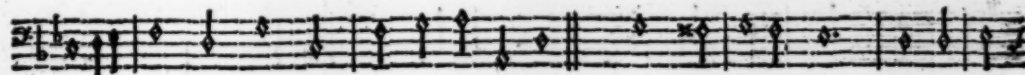
A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.



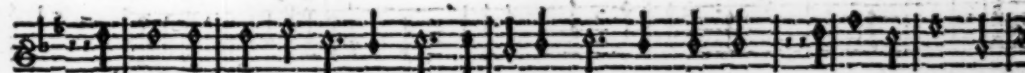
Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at odds; and whose the



pretty prize should be, they vow'd to ask the gods: which *Venus* hearing thither came, and for



their boldness stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them:

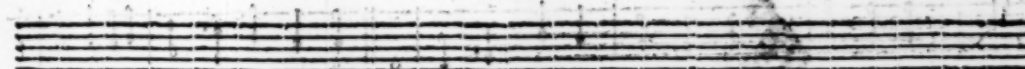
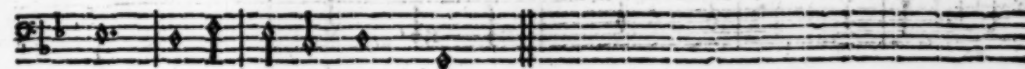


which done, to still their wanton cries, and quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she kist and dry'd their

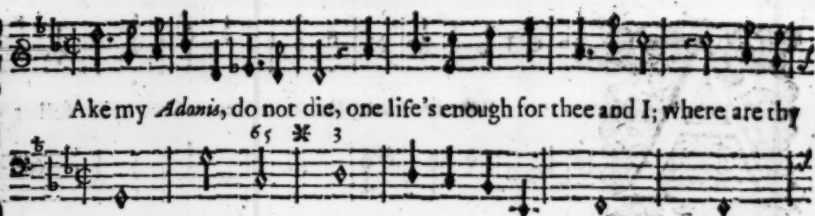


dove-like eyes, and gave the Bag between them.

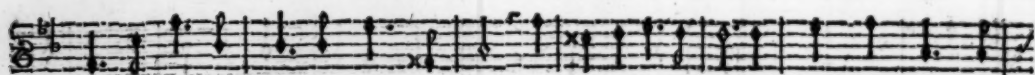
Mr. Henry Lawes.



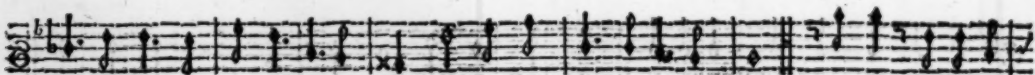
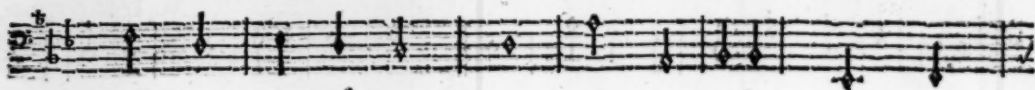
Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



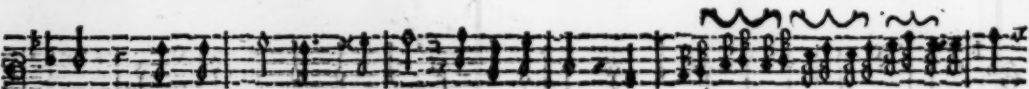
Ake my *Adonis*, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



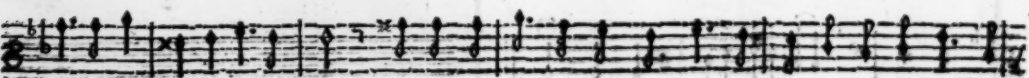
looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? a---las, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



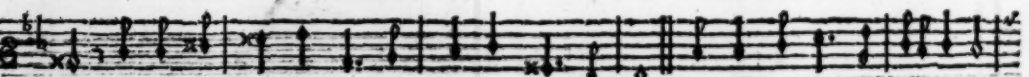
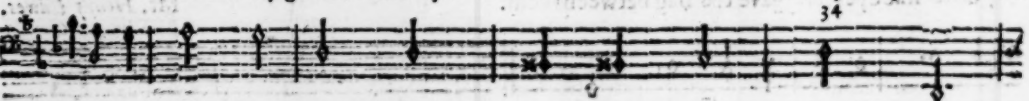
all; yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thou—dering *Jove*

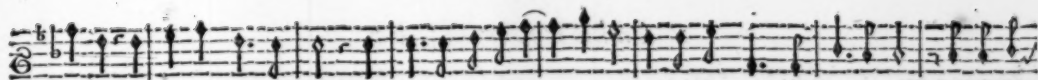


to're the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smel, & from my temples untoucht

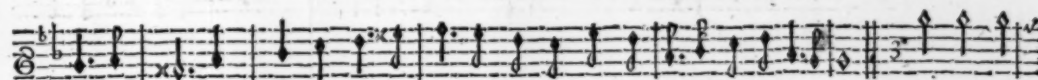
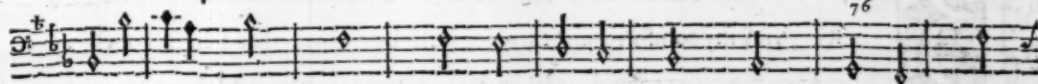


fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deiry gone?

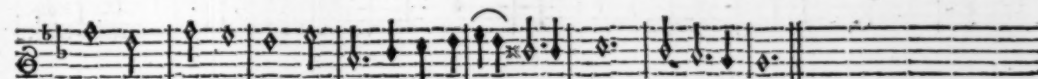
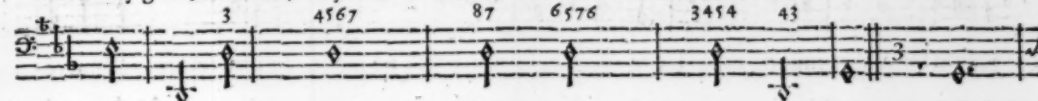




Venus in Venus there is none: in vain a goddess now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I will

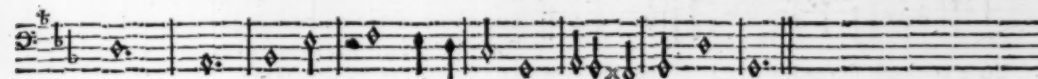


love my grief, make tears my tears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new *Admis* be: And this the

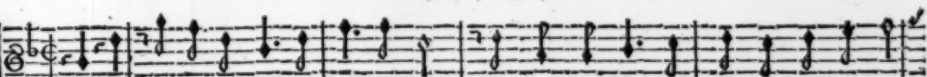


fates shan't rob me of whilst I a goddess am to grieve and not to die.

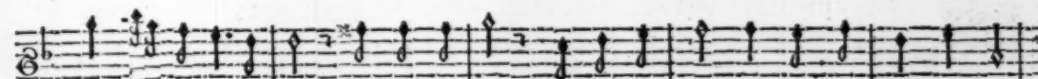
Dr. Colman.



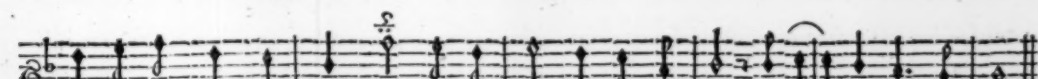
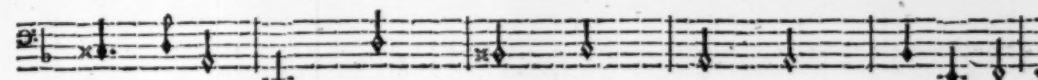
To his Love Answering No.



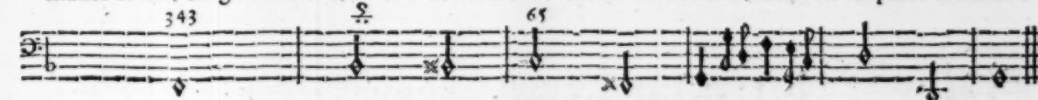
Tay, stay, O stay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine;



words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on--ly No, sent from her lips most pure,

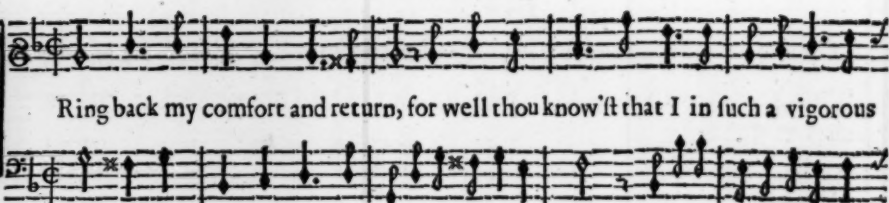


makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



O hold it fast, I come yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yea
Give us a second life, treble our blifs;
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes,
Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.

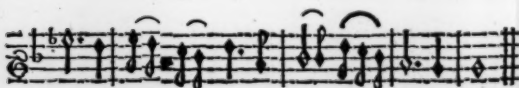
Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.

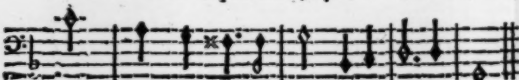
Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous



passion burn, that missing thee I dye : return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

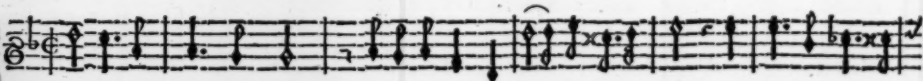


store to those sequestred joys I had before.

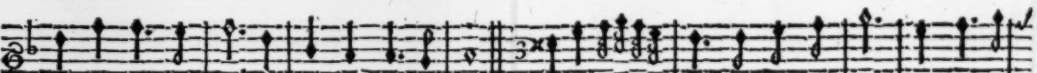
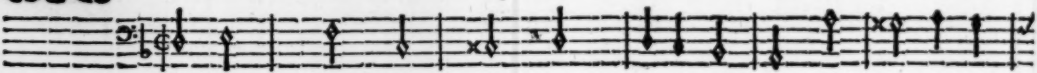


Absence in most, that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire ;
The ardor of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire :
The maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

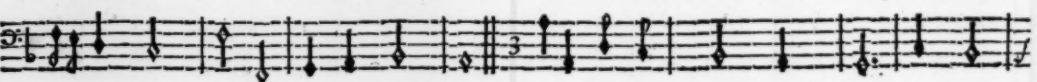
Mr. Edward Colman.

Beauty clouded with grief.

Hy dearest should you weep, when I relate the sto-ry of my woe ? let not the swarthy



mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty so: For each rich pearl lost on that score adds to mis-

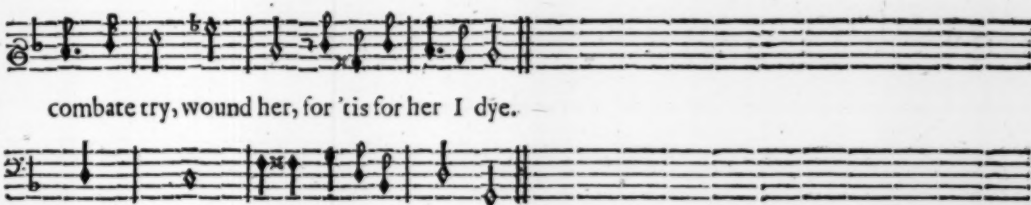
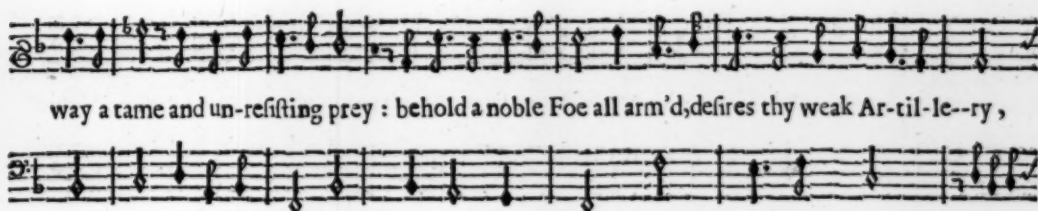
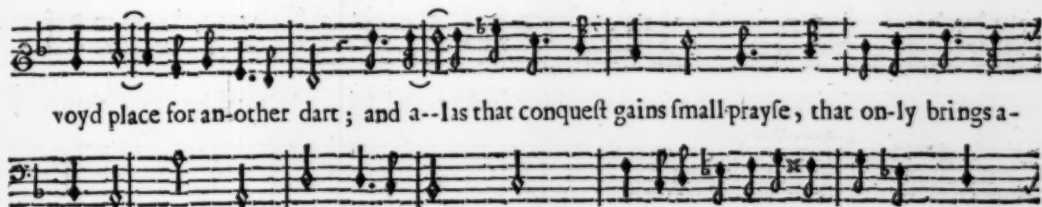
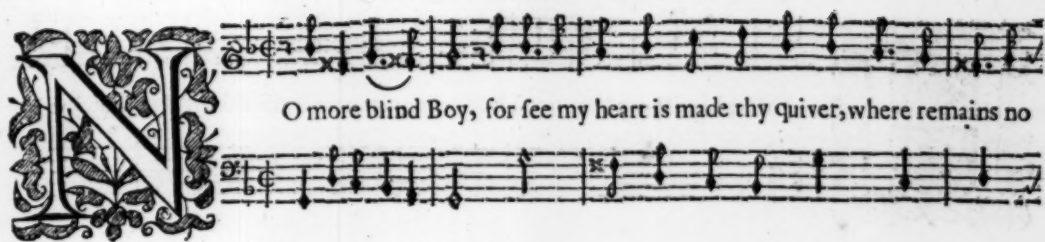
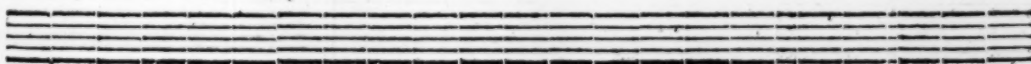
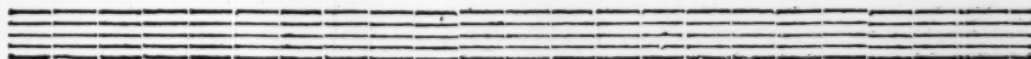


chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.



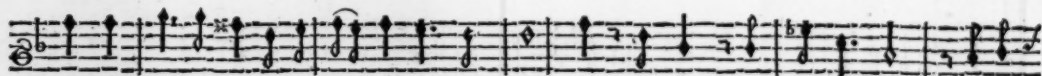
Quench not those stars that to Dy blifs should guide ;
O stay that precious teare !
Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde
To drown thy beauty there ,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

Mr. Edward Colman.

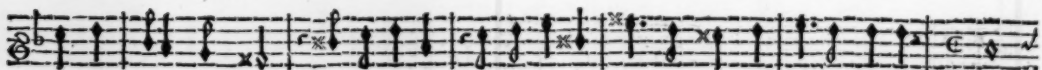
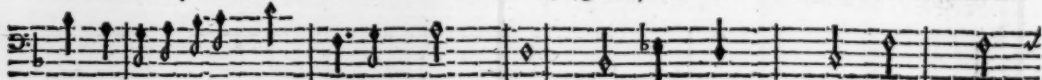
On Loves Artillery.*Mr. Jeremy Savil.*

On the Vicissitudes of Love.

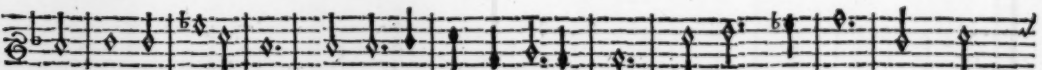
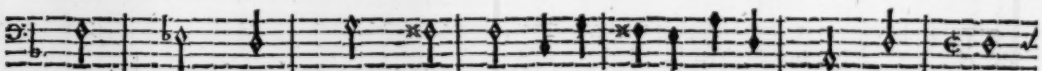
He that will not love, must be my Scholar, and learn this of me, there be in



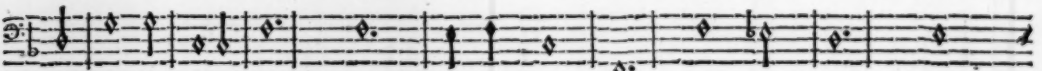
love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the



sand that makes the shoar: Now an Ague, then a Feaver, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Wouldst



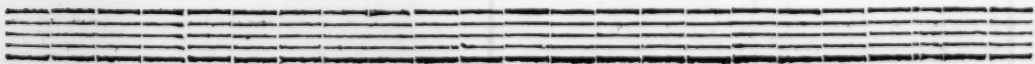
thou know besides all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's



but small? little thou'lt love, or nought at all.



Mr. William Lawes.



A false designe to be cruel.



N vain fair *Chloris*, you designe, to be true, to be kind: for we know

with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts; men are too wise grown to expire with broken

shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady *Deering*
Composing.

II.

And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;
And all the stars in heav'n desie,
With *Cloro's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

III.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover:
And flie the list, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

So the rude wave securely shocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

Constancy in Love.

Is not it's pow'r of all thy scorn or un-renting hate, to quench my
 flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever
 court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, He dote up--on my pain.

- (s) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime
 In Love this tyranny,
 They must pretend an equal flame,
 Or else our passions die:
 You faire *Clarinda* you alone
 Are priz'd at such a rate,
 To have a Votary of one
 Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Inconstancy.

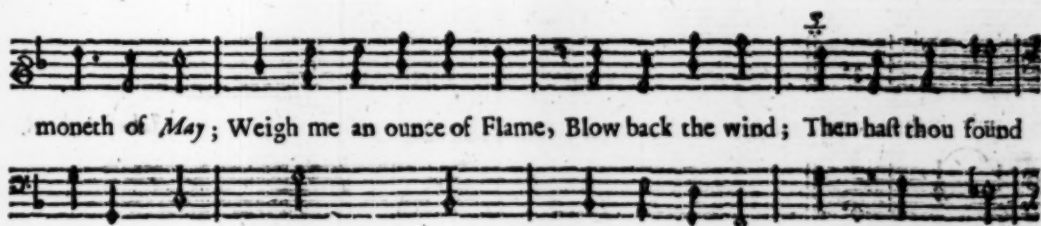
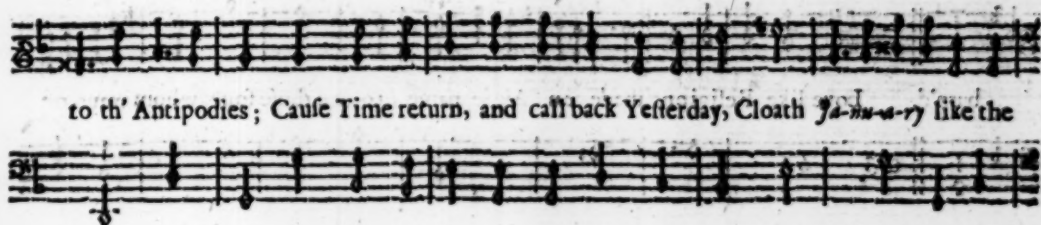
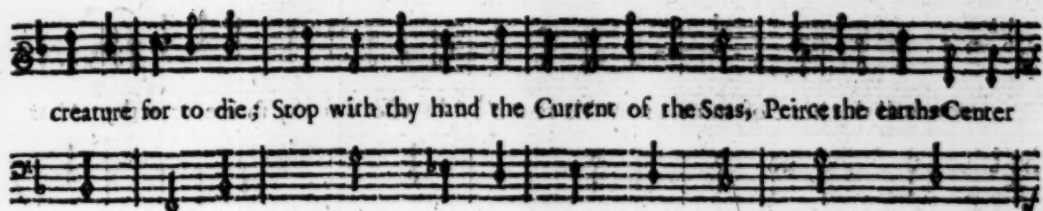
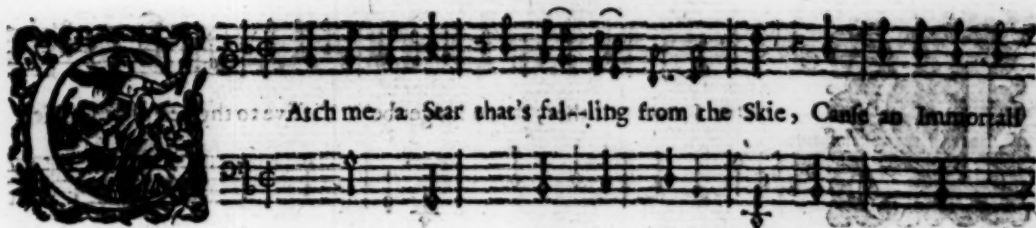
Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:
 Although my tongue betray my heart ore'night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,
 There's nothing so unconstant as my mind,
 I change ♀ ♀ with every wind.

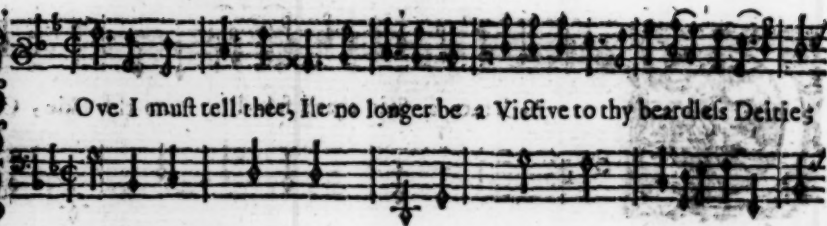
III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
 But 'twas no more, then what not long before
 I vow'd ♀ ♀ to twenty more.

IV. Then prethee see, thou giv'st no heed to me;
 For when I cannot keep my word a day,
 What hope ♀ ♀ hadst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

On Womens Inconstancy.*John Playford.*

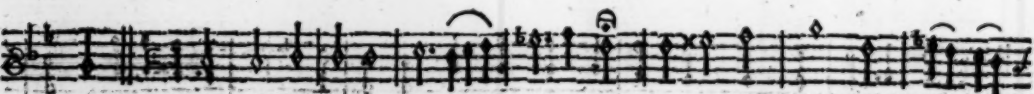
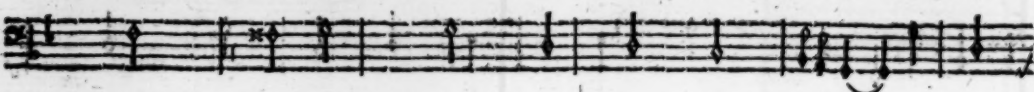
A Resolution not to Love



Ove I must tell thee, Ile no longer be a Victive to thy beards Deities;



nor shall this heart of mine, now 'tis return'd, be offer'd at thy shrine, or at thy Altar

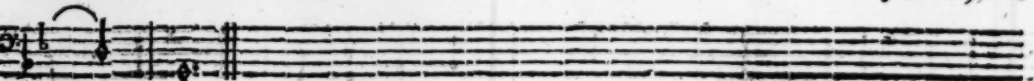


burn'd. Love like Religions made an Ayrie name, to awe those souls whom want of



wit makes tame.

John Playford.

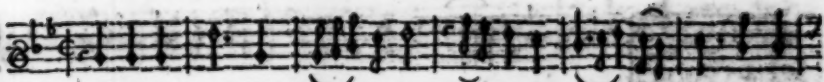


II.

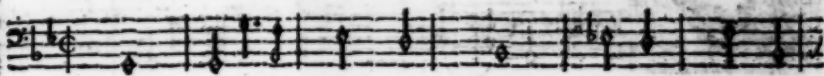
Ther's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
'Tis the poor masculine sect: women no sorrow find.
'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
Nor is't mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

III.

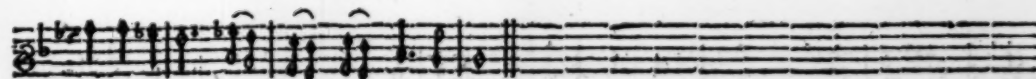
Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deicide:
Ile now a Rebell be, and so pull down
That distaffe Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown.
In these unbridled times who will not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

S I walk'd forth one Summers day, to view the Meadows green and gay,

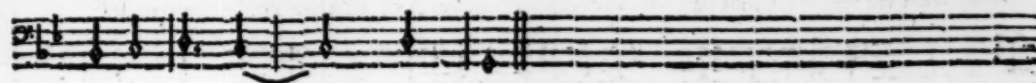


a pleasant Bower I espide standing fast by a river side; and in't a Maiden I heard cry,



Alas! Alas! ther's none e're lov'd as I.

Mr. Robert Johnson.



II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-mans Thumb*, an Hearb all blew.
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

III.

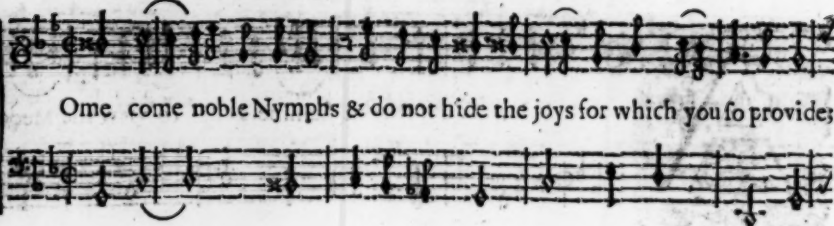
The Flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.



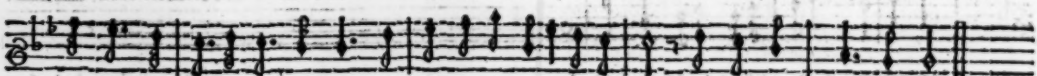
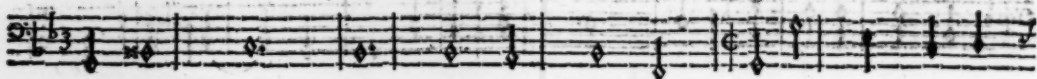
At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



Ome, come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide;



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confess



by what we see, so curious parts of *Pallas*, and *Aracknes* Arts, that you could mean no less.



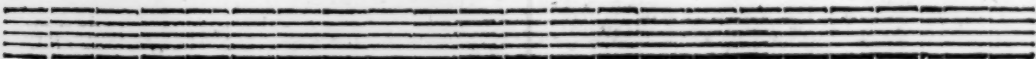
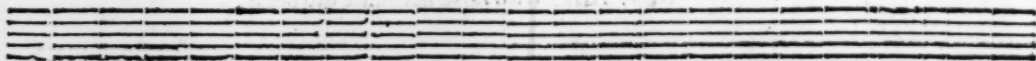
I I.

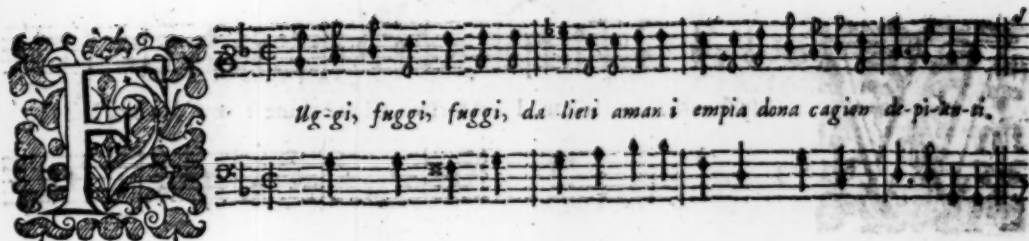
Mr. William Webb.

Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?
 Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?
 Or strive to shew the grains of Ore
 That you have gathered long before?
 Whereof to make a Stock
 To graff the greener Emtrould on,
 Or any better water'd Srone,
 Or Ruby of the Rock.

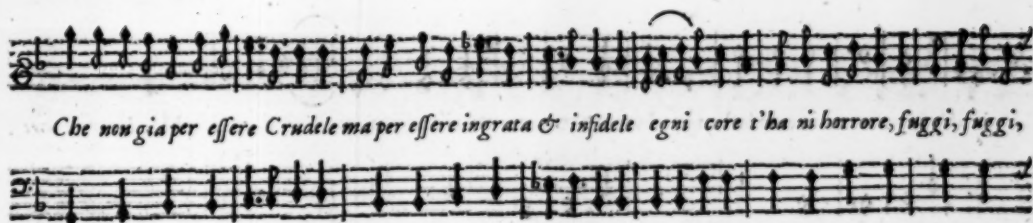
I I I.

Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
 Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,
 The Queen of Love? unless you can
 Like Sea-born-*Venus*, love a man?
 Try, put your selves unto'r:
 Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
 Ambrosian-hands, and Silver-feet,
 Do promise you will do't.

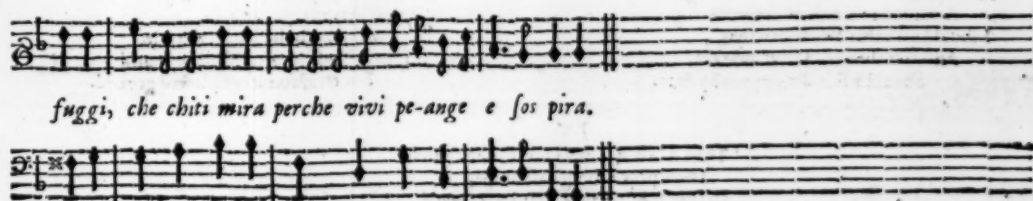


An Italian Ayre.


Ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieti aman i empia dona cagion de-pi-an-ni.



Che non gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core t'ha ni horrore, fuggi, fuggi,



fuggi, che chiti mira perche vivi pe-ange e sos pira.

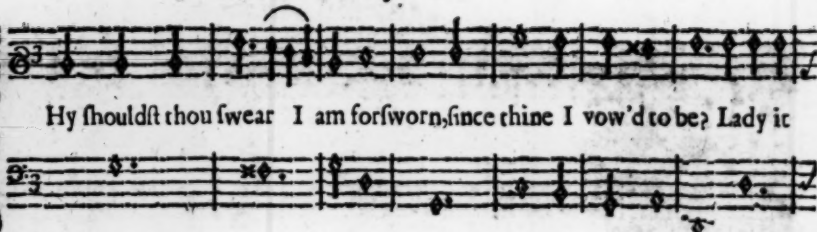
*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera
 Frede in fernal empia ma gera
 Che se bene hai di donna l' aspetto
 Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
 Tutta danno tutti inganno
 Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ogn'un che t'ama
 Il tuo ben piange, e il tuo mal brama.*

A French Ayre.

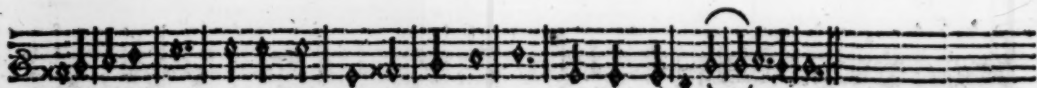

Mor merere, che d' amor merere, amor merere che d' amor merere; amor me fuge,



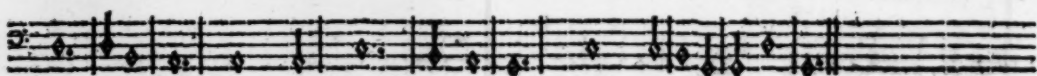
amor me struge, non pos a pue, non pos a pue.

Loves Scrutiny.

Hy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be? Lady it



is already morn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impos-si-bi-li-rie. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*



II.

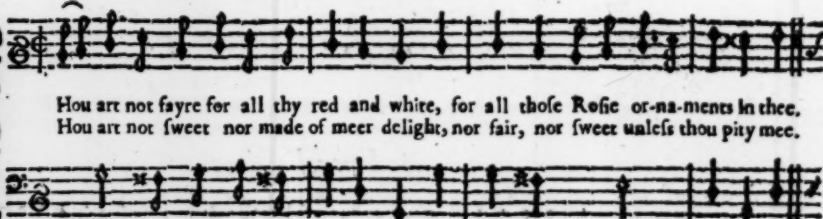
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space?
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new imbrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.

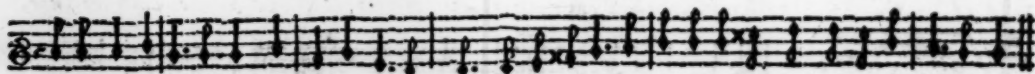
Not that all Joyes in thy brown hair
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Mineralists that sound
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

IV.

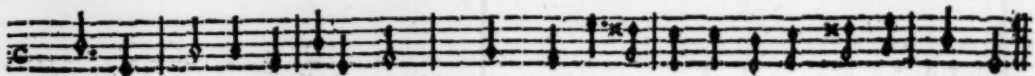
Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant she,
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with varietie.

No Beauty without Love.

Hou art not fayre for all thy red and white, for all those Rose or-na-ments in thee,
Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor fair, nor sweet unless thou pity mee.



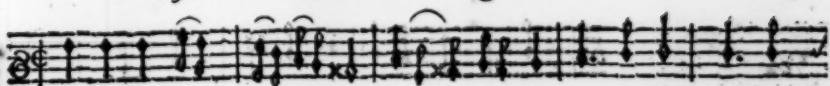
I will not, ♪ smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that Beauty is no Beauty without Love, no Beauty without Love.



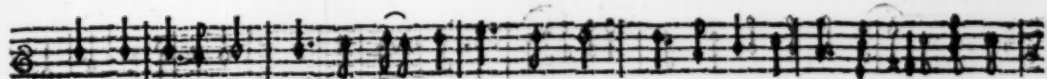
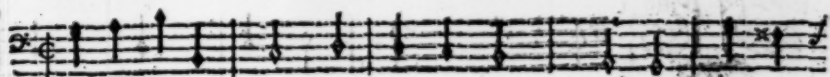
II.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew if thou be a woman right,
Imbrace, and kisse, and love me in despite.

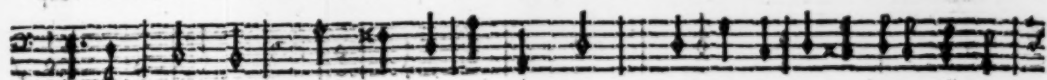
Mr. N. Ch. Lammie.

Delays in Love breeds Danger.

Phillis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shorter than the day? Could we,



which we never can, stretch our lives beyond three span, Beauty like a Shadow flies, and our



Youth before us dyes.



II.

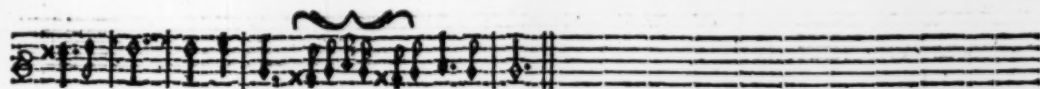
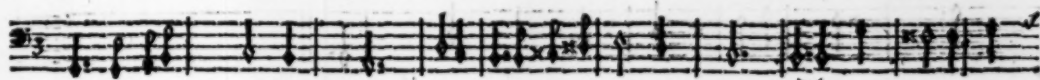
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

III.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

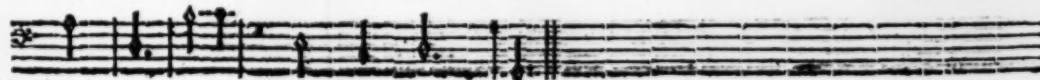


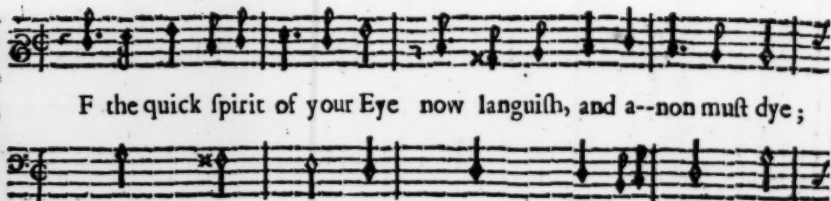
Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-af-ter do, for the joy we now



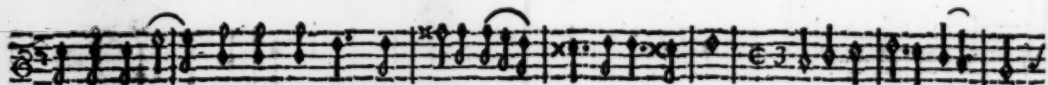
may prove, take ad-vice of present love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

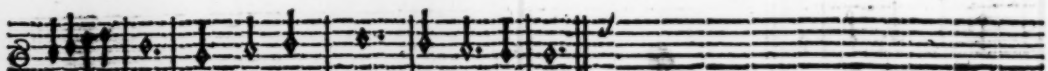
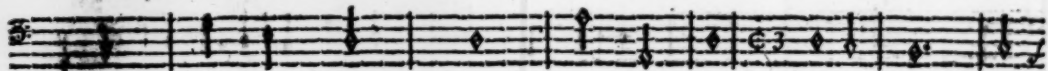


On *Cælia's Coyneſſe*.

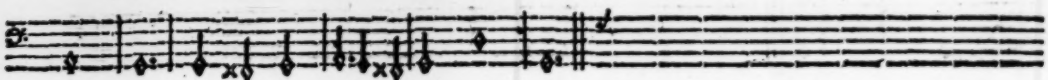
F the quick ſpirit of your Eye now languish, and a--non muſt dye;



If every ſweet and every grace muſt flye from that for-ſa-ken face: Then *Cælia* let us reap

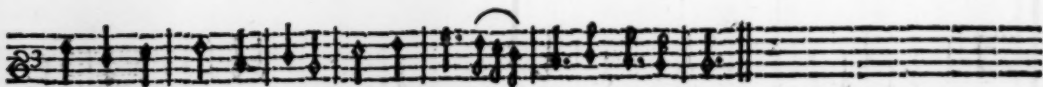


our joys, e're time ſuch good--ly fruit deſtroys.



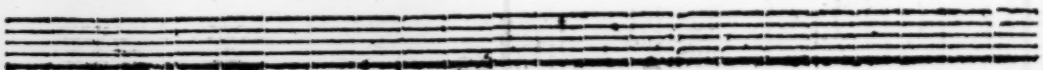
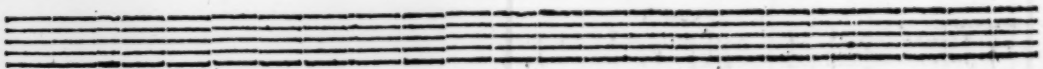
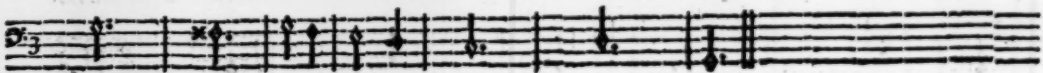
II.

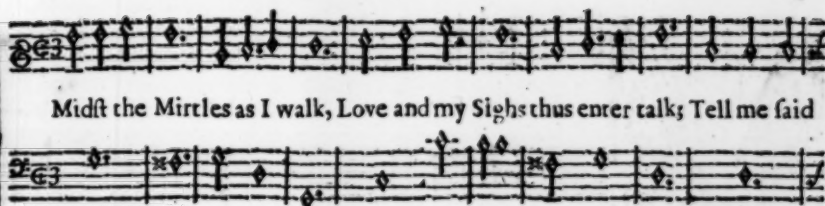
Or if that Golden Fleece muſt grow, for ever free from aged Snow;
If thoſe bright Suns muſt know no ſhade, nor your freſh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Cælia* feare not to beſtow,
What ſtill being gather'd, ſtill muſt grow.



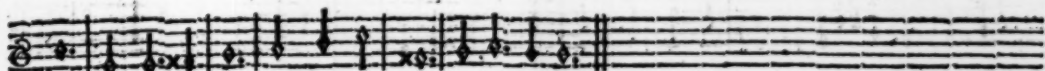
Thus either Time his ſickle brings in vain, or elſe in vain his wings.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



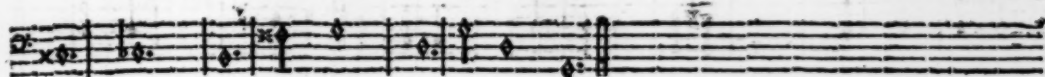
Loves sweet Repose.

Midst the Mirtles as I walk, Love and my Sighs thus enter talk; Tell me said



I, in deep distress, where I may find my Shepherds.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



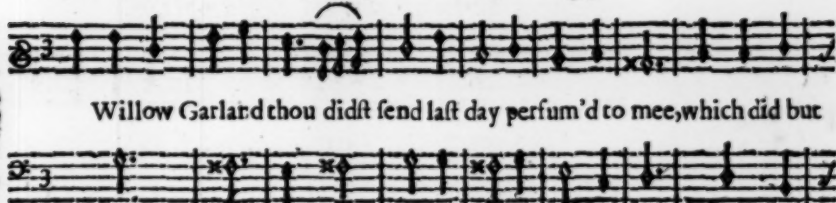
Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In that insmell'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of her bloud.

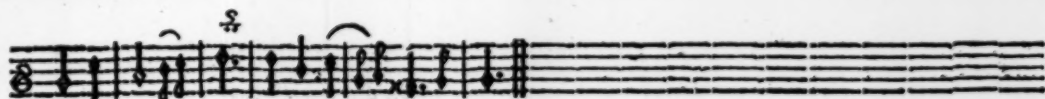
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon,
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a suddain all was gone.

At which I stop; said Love, these bee
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy joy must dye,
Even in the turn'ng of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those Flowers when knit together.

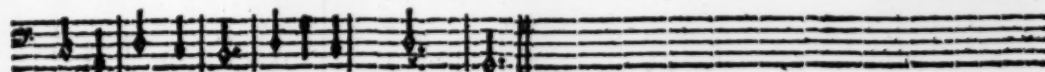
A Willow Garland sent for a Newyears-gift.

Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to mee, which did but



onely this portend, I was for--fook of thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

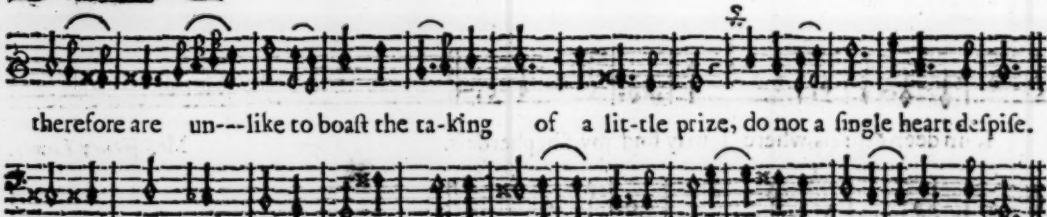
Since that it is, I'll tell the whar,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree,

III.

As Beasts unto the Alter go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.

Lowes Victory.

Ictorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub—due an hoast, and



therefore are un—like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a single heart despise.

Mr. William Webb.

II.

I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That as that privy coat was worn,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

III.

The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

IV.

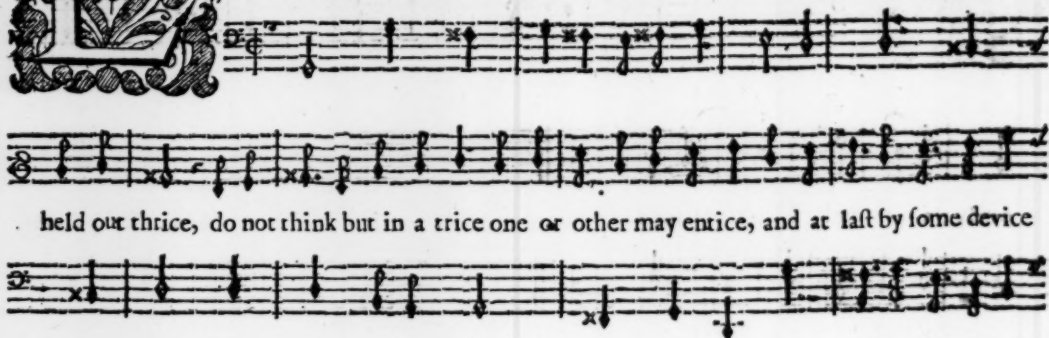
But neither steel nor stony brasse
Are proofs against those looks of thine,
Nor can a beauty lesse divine,
By any heart be long posselt;
Where you intend an interest.

V.

And such a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay;
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

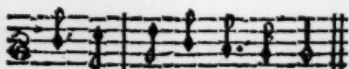
Diswasion from Presumption.

Adies, you that seem so nice, and as cold in shew as Ice, and perhaps have

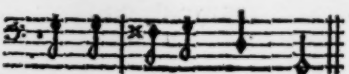


held out thrice, do not think but in a trice one or other may enrice, and at last by some device

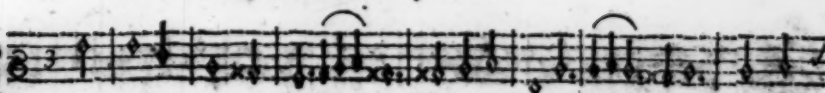
Mr. Henry Lawes.



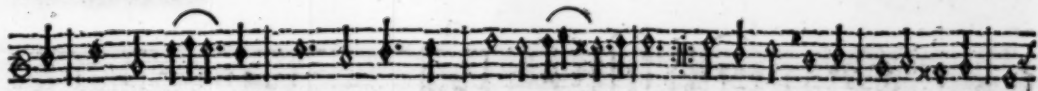
set your honours at a price.



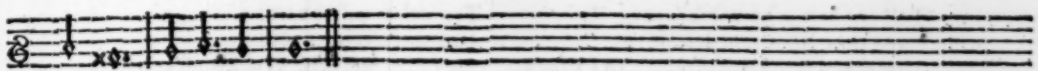
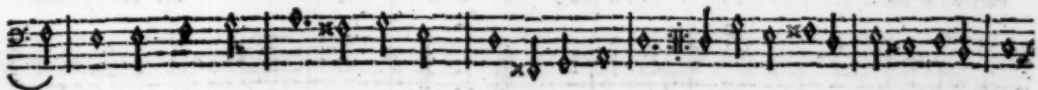
You whose smoothe and dainty skin,
Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win;
Yet insult not, sparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

The Careless Lovers Resolution.

ET longing Lovers sit and pine, and the forsaken Willow wear, Love shall



not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose



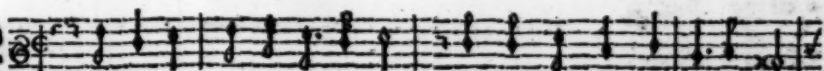
my time on her that's coy.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

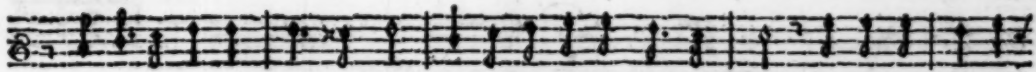
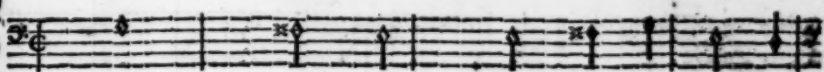


If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their Colours there display,
Alasse! they needs must to us yield,
Since we are better arm'd than they;
'Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound, unless you please;
And he that pines because shee's coy,
Wants wit, or courage, women say.

Disdain.

Ake heed fair *Chloris*, how you tame (with your disdain) *Amintor's* flame.

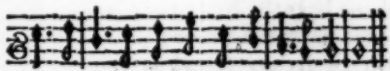


A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather burst than

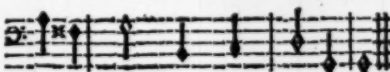


II.

III.



deign to be a worshipper of crueltye.

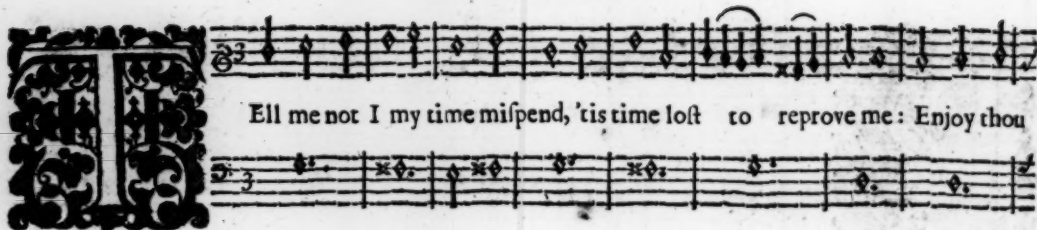


You may use common shepherds so,
My flames at last to storms will grow,
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have magnifi'd;
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

O do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden shewre when as you sleep;
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forsake the house where honor dwells.
In *Damons* palace you'll ne'r shine
So bright as in these armes of mine.

G

Mr. Henry Lawes.

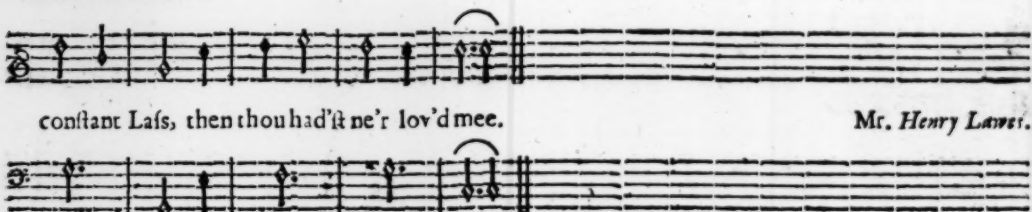
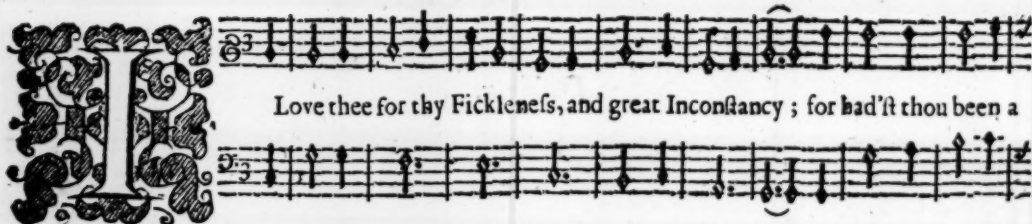
Loves Fruition.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
 Mine poor, let them despise me
 That more abound with Milk, and Wool,
 So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pity thou that wiser art,
 Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
 Let me alone with my one heart,
 And I'll ne'r envy thine.

Try other easer eares with these
 Unappertaining Stories;
 He never feels the Worlds disease,
 That cares not for her Glories.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
 That seek's no higher prize
 Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
 And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Loves Drollery.

I love thee for thy Wantoness,
 And for thy Drollerie;
 For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
 Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

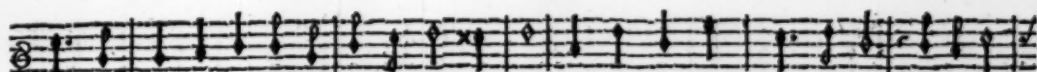
I love thee for thy poverty,
 And for thy want of Coyne;
 For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,
 Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglynesse,
 And for thy foolerie;
 For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
 Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

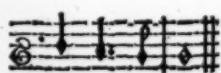
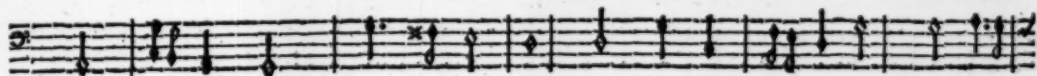
Then let me have thy heart a while,
 And thou shalt have my mony;
 He part with all the wealth I have,
 T' enjoy a Lais so Bonny.

Disdain returned.

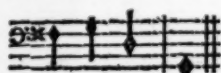
H E that loves a Ro— sic cheek, or a Corall lip admires; or from



Star-like eyes doth seek fu-el to maintain his fires, as old Time makes these de-cay, so his flames



must waste a-way.

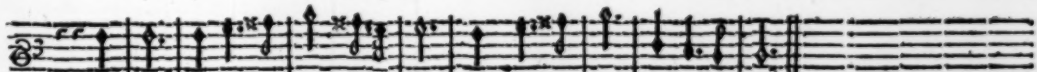


I I.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely Cheeks, or Lips or Eyes.

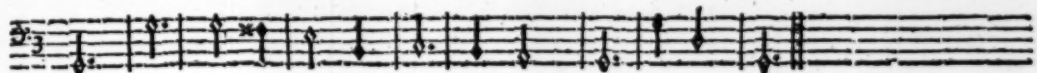
III.

Calia, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

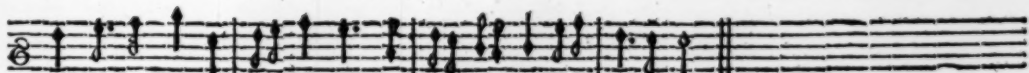


Some God in my revenge con---vey that Love to her I cast a-way.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

*Loves Content.*

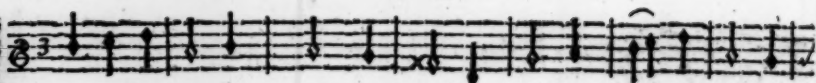
D ear, leave thy home, and come with mee, that scorn the world for love of thee:



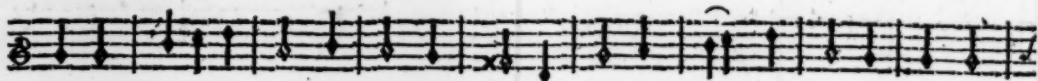
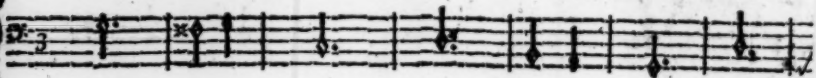
Here we will live within this Park, a Court of joy and pleasures Ark.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

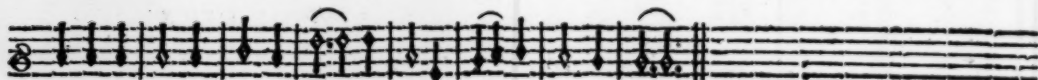


To his Forsaken Mistress.

Do confess th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon neer to

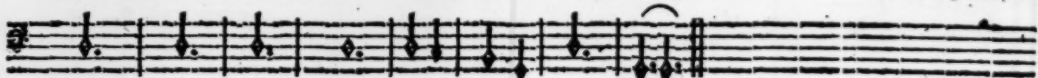


love thee, had I not found the sleightest pray'r that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now a--lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

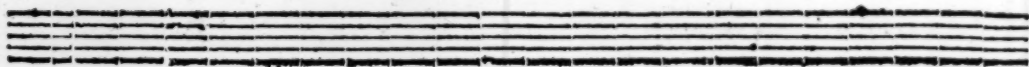
I do confess th'art sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unthrif of thy Sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which kisseth ev'ry thing it meets :
And since thou canst with more than one,
Th'art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

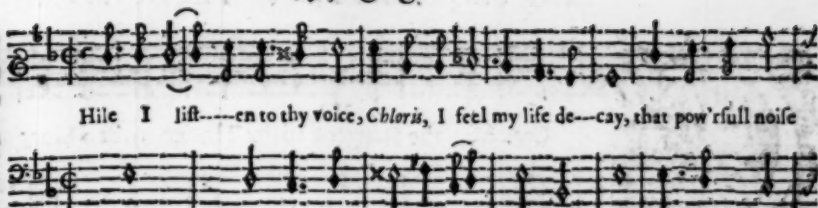
III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet shee smells !
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
But Sent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

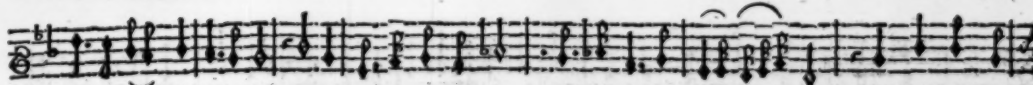
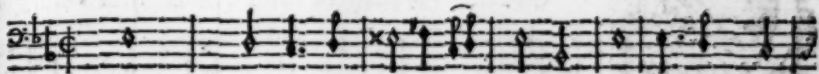
IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside ;
And I shall sigh when some will smile,
To see thy love to ev'ry one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

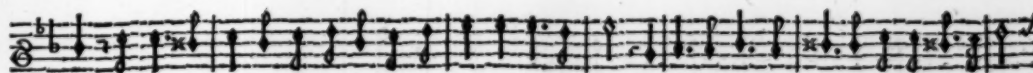
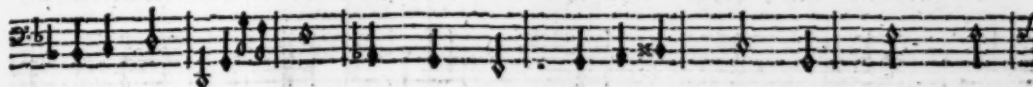


To a Lady singing.

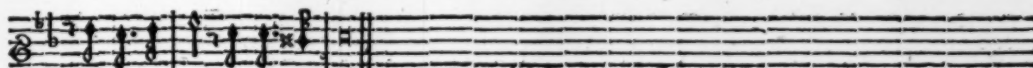
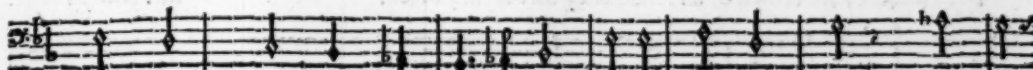
Hile I list-----en to thy voice, *Chloris*, I feel my life de---cay, that pow'rful noise



calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which destroyes without a wound! Peace, peace, *Chloris*,

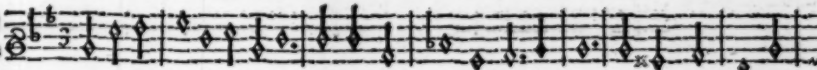


peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,

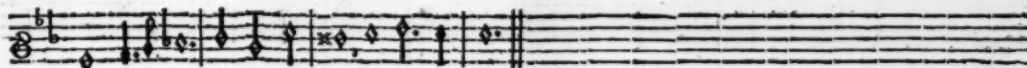
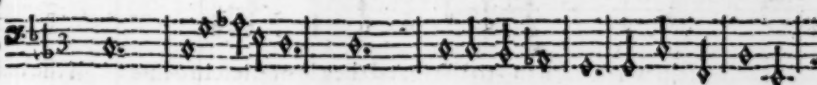


is that they sing, and that they love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

*On a Bleeding Lover.*

Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye; he wept and cry'd, How



great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



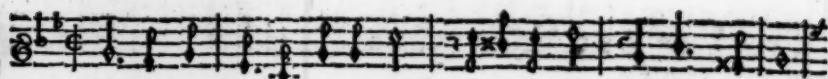
II.

Can there (says he) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll indure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

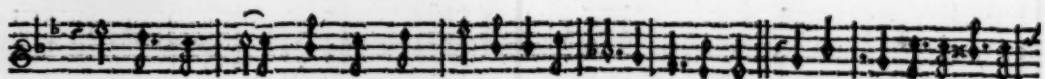
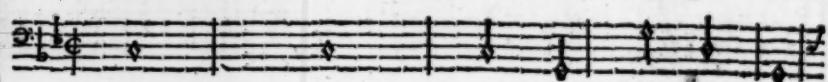
III.

Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To wish she had cur'd, and wish in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love; but not a Lover.

H

Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.

Ome from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and fraight be none:

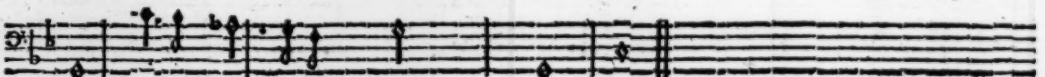
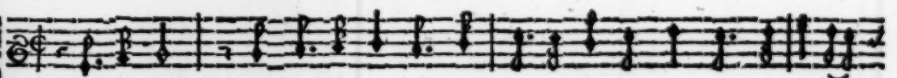


Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we

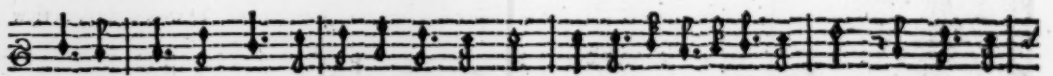


feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

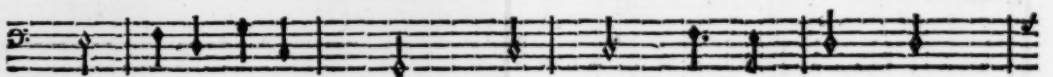
Mr. Henry Lawes.

*Love and Musick.*

Ome my Sweet, whilest ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



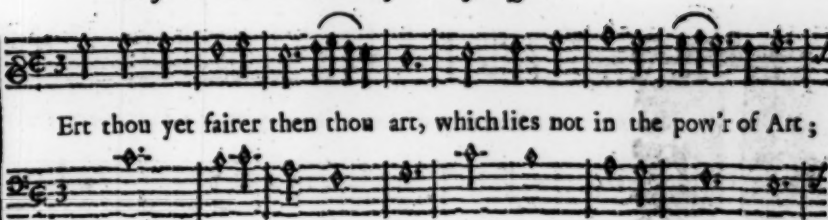
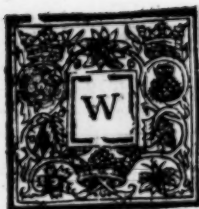
listning fain would turn in--to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



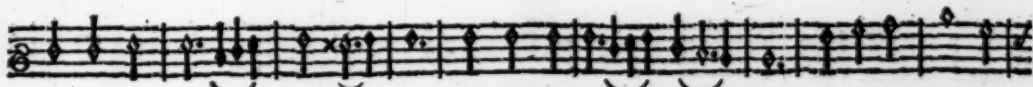
tie to harmo---ny, let's kifs and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

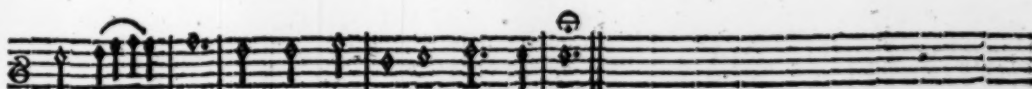
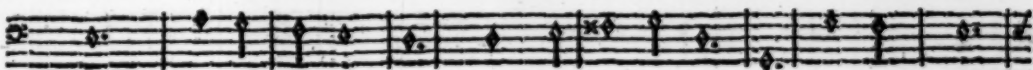


A Resolution in choice of a Mistrresse.

Ere thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art ;

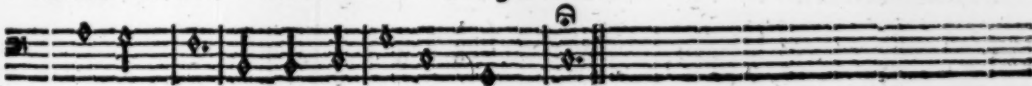


or had'st thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then *Cupids* e---ver shot at Hearts ; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

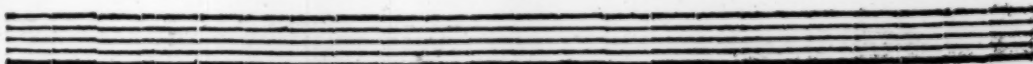
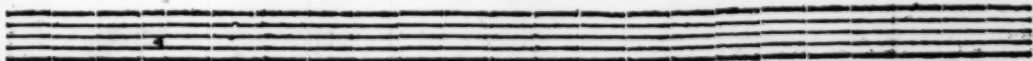


II.

I'de rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please :
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equall fires :
What pleasure is there in a Kiss
To him that doubts the Heart's not his ?

III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air ;
Not for the *Cupids* that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye :
Would you then know what it might be ?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.



Inconstancy in Love.

O love thee without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-

cy within; thy Heart is govern'd onely by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Richest prize:

Love mee then just as I love thee, that's till a fairer I can see.

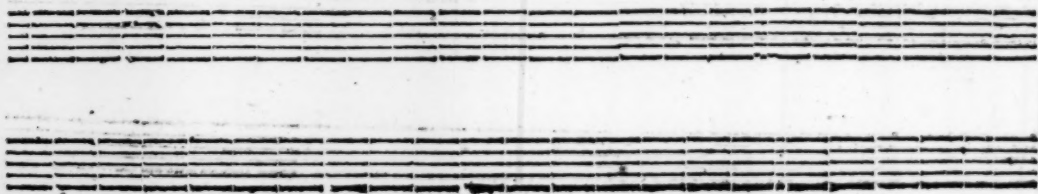
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
I never will hereafter think it strange
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
No! love me just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

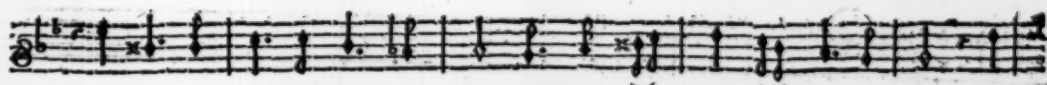
III.

I hate this constant doring on a Face,
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer then we can be content together?
Love mee then just as I love thee,
That's till a fairer I can see.

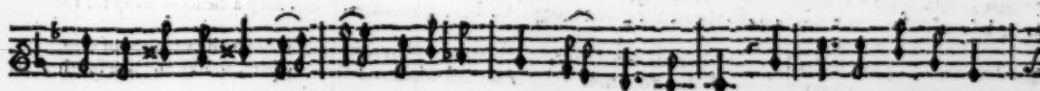
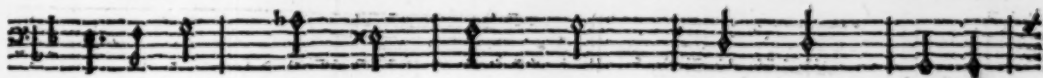


Discontent.

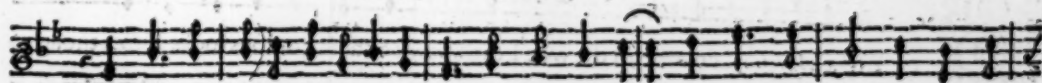
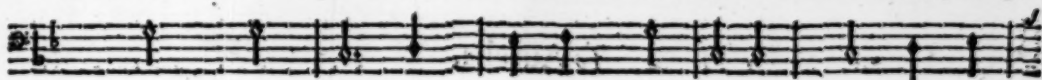
Prethee turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights the day ;



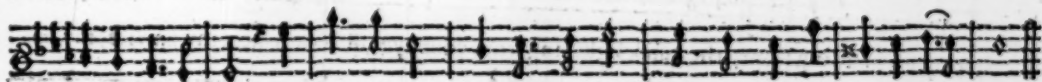
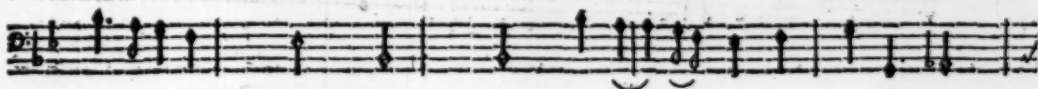
sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts ; Un-



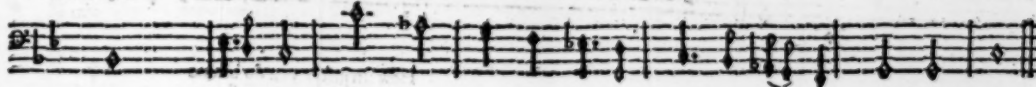
welcome is the Sun that pries into those Shades where sorrow lies : Go shine on happy things,



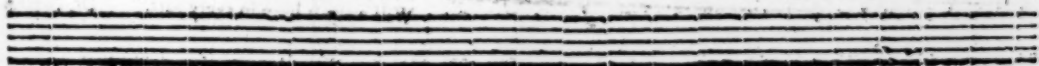
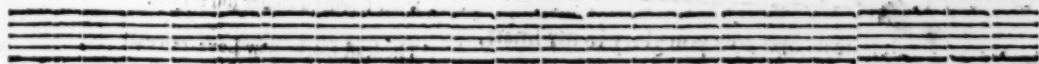
to me, that blessing is a miserie ; whom thy fierce Sun not warms but burns, like that the



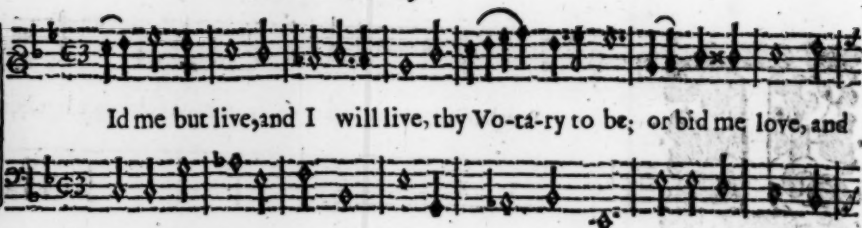
Sooty Indian turns ; I'll serve the night, and there confin'd ; with thee leis fair or else more kind.



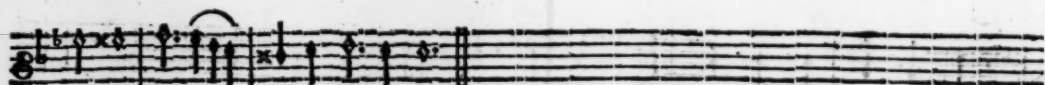
Dr. John Wilton.



Loves Votary.

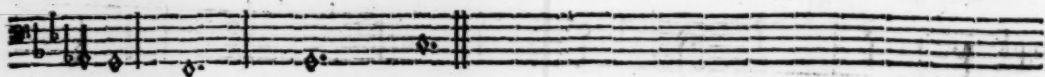


Id me but live, and I will live, thy Vo-ta-ry to be; or bid me love, and



I will give a loving heart to thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



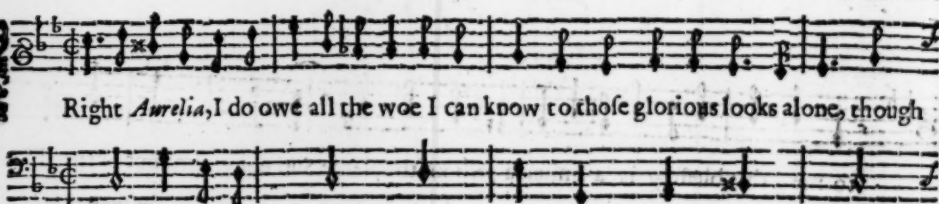
A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.

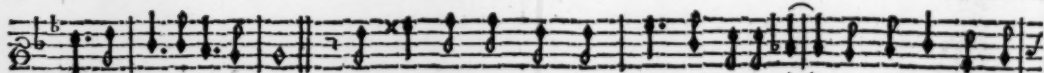
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do't for thee.

Thou art my love, my life my heart, the very eye of mine,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

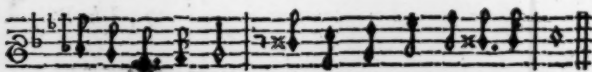
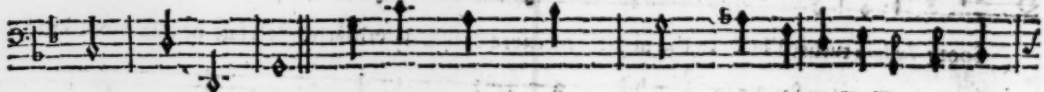
To Aurelia.



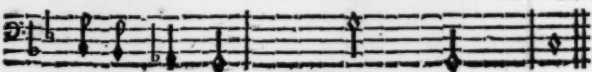
Right *Aurelia*, I do owe all the woe I can know to those glorious looks alone, though



you are unrelenting stone; the quick lightning from your eyes, did sa-cri-fice, my unwise, my po-



wary harmless heart, and now you glory in my smart.



How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came.

Vext with what your selfe may burn,
Your scorn to tinder did it turn.

The least sparke now Love can call
That does fall
On the small

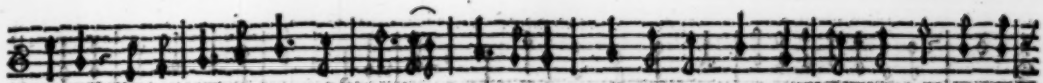
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Dr. Colman.

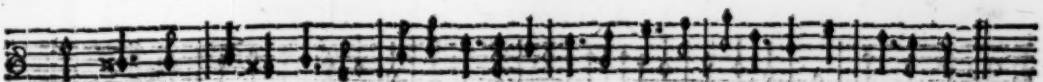
Loves Flattery.



Adies fly from loves smooth tale, oaths sleep in tears do oft prevail, grief is in



fectious, and the air inflam'd with sighs wil blast the fair; then stop your ears when Lovers cry, lest you

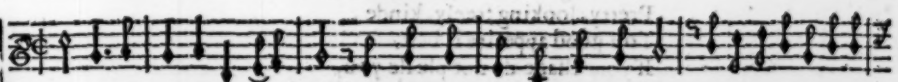


selves weep, when no lost eye shall with a sorrowing tear repay that pity which you cast away.

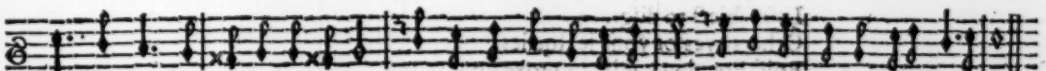
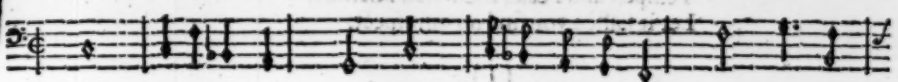


Mr. Henry Lawes.

To Chloris.



OME Chloris leave thy wandering sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep, and be the only ravi'd



Dame that moves upon this grassie frame: for thou shalt Herds of Cupid's have, and Love and I will be thy slave.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Fawns,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To wait on Chloris, and adore
Their Cytherea; now no more
The name of Chloris shall create
A servitude in every state.

III.

In yonder Mistle grove, wee'd dwell
With more content, then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not affright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night:
There we the wanton thieves will play,
And steal each others hearts away.

Seeming Coyneſs.

Mbitious Love, farwel; you are to troubleſome a Gueſt to affect what doth ex-

cell; and to be ever at a Feaſt; is not the cheapeſt freeſt diet, leſs in joy and leſs in quiet:

Be proud who liſt Fetterſ of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.

I I.

I'll take ſuch as I find,
So it be good, and handſome dreſt,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is beſt.
If your Uſage do not pleaſe you,
Change is near you Change will eaſe you:
Tempeſt and Feaſts the wiſeſt diſaffect,
Let it ſuffice you find no diſreſpect.

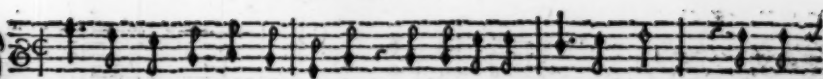
Dr. Charles Colman.

I I I.

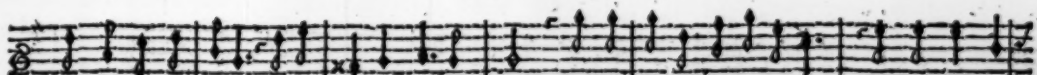
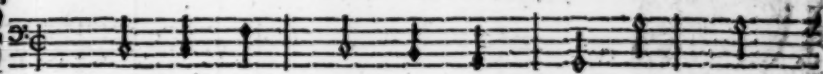
Seek not the higheſt place,
The loweſt commonly is moſt free
Leſs ſubject to diſgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
Bold Freedom will improve your taſte,
When awe imbitters a repaſt:
A doaring fancy is a fooliſh Gueſt,
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt Feaſt.

I V.

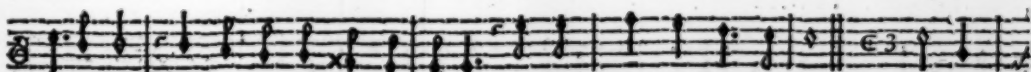
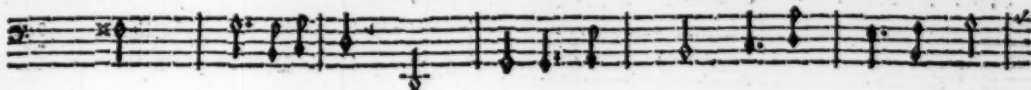
It is not Nature's way,
She made Love no ſuch buſie thing,
She meant it a ſhort lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are beſt in Taſte and Shew;
Her Sweets extend unto the meaneſt Clown;
Often moſt fair, though in a Ruſſet Gown,

Loves Bachinall.

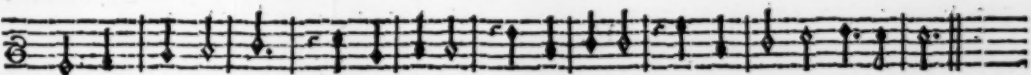
Ay that fallen Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elizium shades; take my



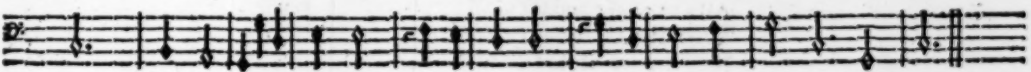
wreath of lusty I-vy, not of that faint Mirtle made; when I see thy soul descending to that cold un-



fertile Plain of sad fools the Lake attending, thou shalt wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink



wine, and know the ods 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.



Rouse thy dull and drowzie spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Ey then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise Love by such like charmes.

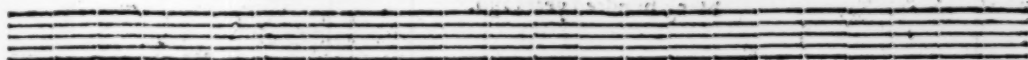
Think not thou these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end;

Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

Cho.

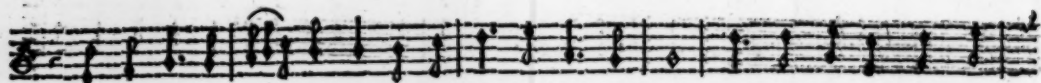
Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come. sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.

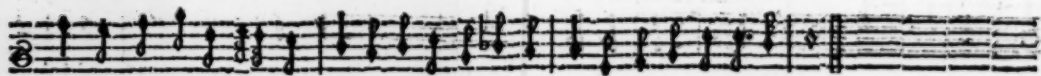


Platonick Love.

Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



bee, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



Dr. Colman.

II.

Plato ne'r allow'd a Kiss,
Nor the like fantastick blifs,
All the day sit and Ca Goll
With Sir Arthorous La Fool;
Ne'r dreamt of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

Yet must *Plato* justifie
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis Opinion that dorth sway.
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet moit formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



Love Neglected.

Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-fla-ming, ra-ther then I will burn
 Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous

I will leave ga---ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
 pang, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my

rick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
 heart now I de--fie it,

pine, distracts my mind, and surfeit when I see't. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-

-ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

Lovers Wantonneſſe.

Ee, fee, how carleſs men are grown of Love and Loving in our days,

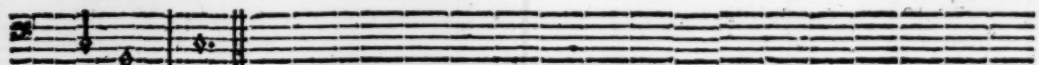


Every ones Heart is now his owne; his Eyes upon no object ſtays, but baits a while and



goes his ways.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

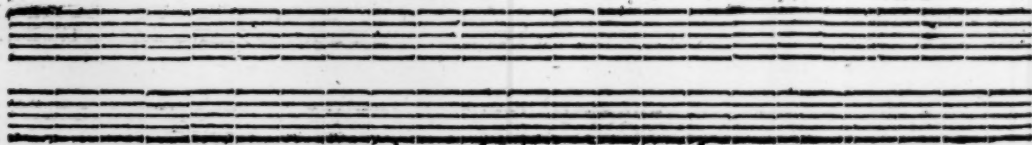
Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breaſt,
Command by turns, or elſe in vain;
And by new faſhion'd minds depreſt,
Become an Inn, and love a Gueſt.

III.

Sure they ſuppoſe her of Glaſſe,
And let her fiſt on purpoſe fall,
Then peice-meal would pick up this Maſſe,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

IV.

Though lowly minded, I will ſtand
With ſuch for place, and at no rate
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I ſerve a Monarch, they a State.



Venus to her Adonis?



Come *Adonis*, come away, what distaste could drive thee hence, where so

much delight doth reign, soothing ev'n the soul of Sense? and though thou un-kind hast prov'd,

never Youth was so lov'd: Then lov'd *Adonis*, come away, for *Venus* brooks, for *Venus*

brooks not this de-lay, for *Venus* brooks not this delay.

Mr. William Lawes.

Loves Flattery.

I

Can love for an hour when I'm at leisure, be that loves half a day fools without measure:

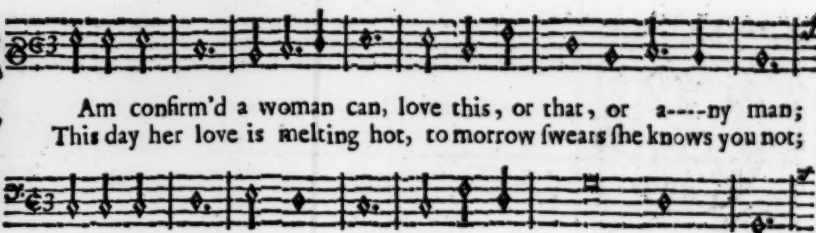
Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more than another?

Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

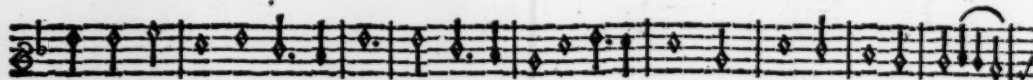
Men cannot tyre themselves on your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'll be fooling.

L

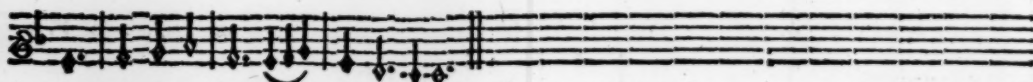
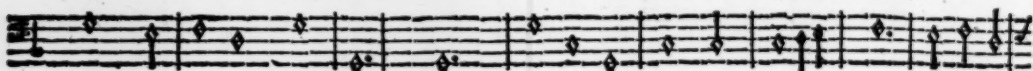
Mr. William Lawes.

Inconstancie in Women.

Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a----ny man;
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow swears she knows you not;

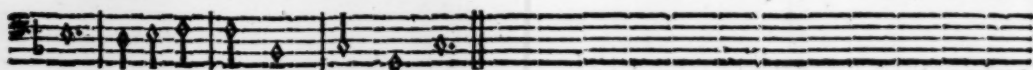


let her but an new object find, and she is of another mind: Then hang me Ladies at your



dore, If e're I dote up---on you more.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter, to appease my flame;
For her that's Musically I long,
When I am sad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find our change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of varietie:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

A Lovers Legacy.

Ain would I *Chloris* e're I die, bequeath you such a Legacie, as you might

say when I am gon, None has the like! My heart alone were the best gift I could be-

flow, but that's al-ready yours you know: So that till you my Heart resigne, or fill with

yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving

you, whose Brest has all the wealth I have, save a faint Carcase, and a Grave: But had I as

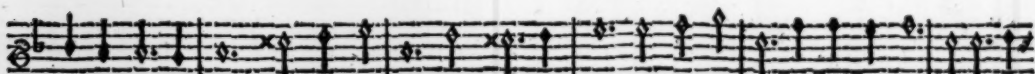
many Hearts as Hairs, as many Loves as Love has Fears, as many Lives as Years have

Hours, they should be all and only yours.

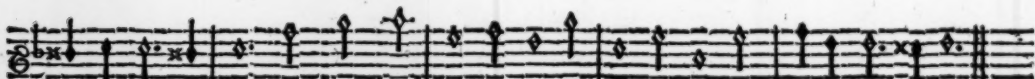
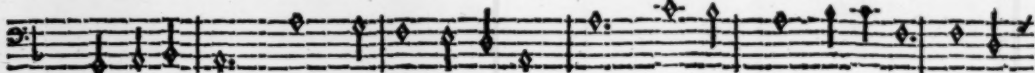
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Martyr.

Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru--el-ty? Or why doth



sullen Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I er'e lov'd as others do, but only



for an hour or two, then there had store of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin.



Ms. Henry Lawes.

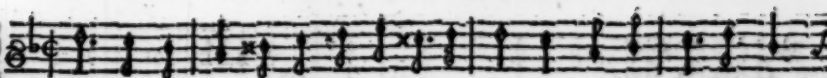
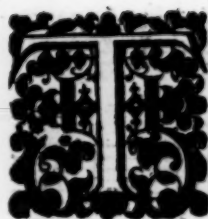
II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistress name:
How I ne'r offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

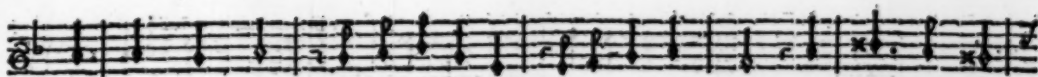
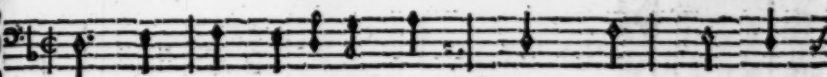
III.

O Love! if her supremacie
Have not a greater power then thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

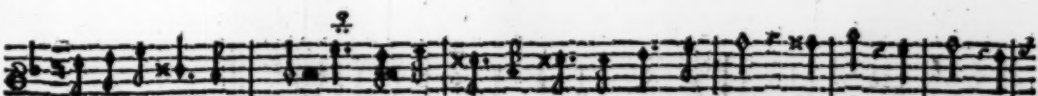
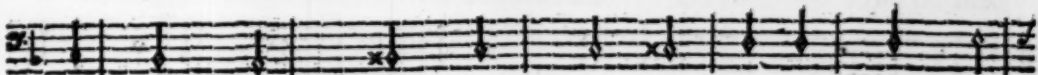
Amintor for his Chloris absence.



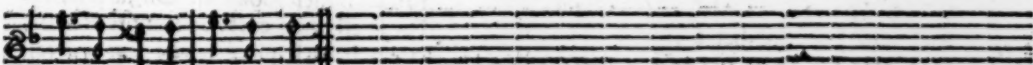
Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph



more bright, more fair than Beauties darling, or of parts more sweet than stolne content?



If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, A-



Amintor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



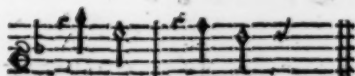
I I.

Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a sent, a blusht of her in those:
Fishes, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee.

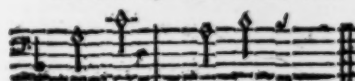
Go call the Ecchoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were thee on earth she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heavens, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

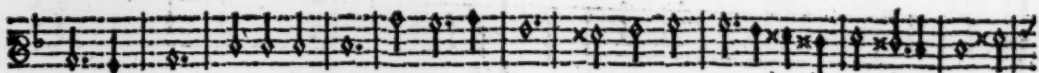


chloris, chloris,
Fall down, fall down, &c.

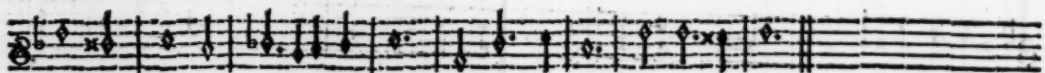


Love in a Calme.

Ow cool and temperate I am grown, since I could call my



heart my own? Beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way: not



all those wanton hours I have spent, can rob me of this new content.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

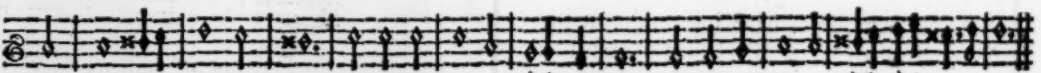
Loves mists are scattered from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.

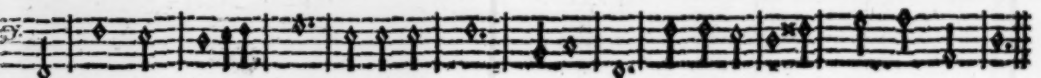
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprize,
Farewell those curls and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where *Cupid* dwells;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

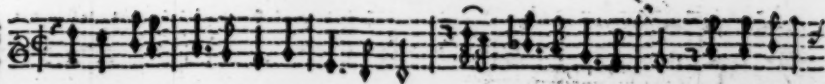
Loves Shepherdesse.

N faith I cannot keep my Sheep, since first I grew to be in love: whilst my



poor Flock a wandering creep, and I to Fate a Shepherd am; Love, first in love, in love, I first began.

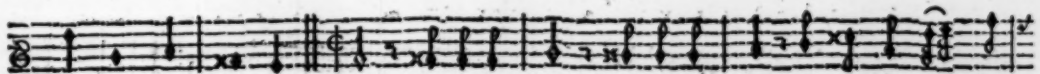
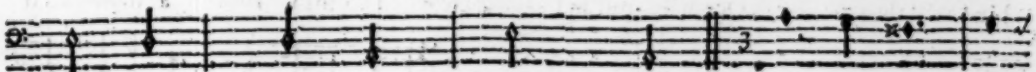


Love without Additional.

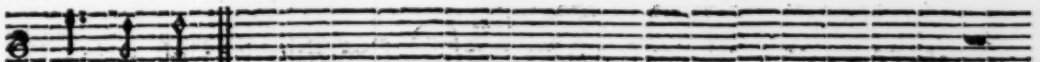
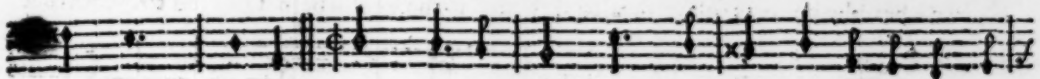
F the kind boy I ask no red and white to make up my delight, no odd be-



coming graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in Faces; make me but mad enough,



give me good store of Love, for her I court, I ask no more; 'tis Love in Love that



makes the sport.

Mr. William Webb.



II.

There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.

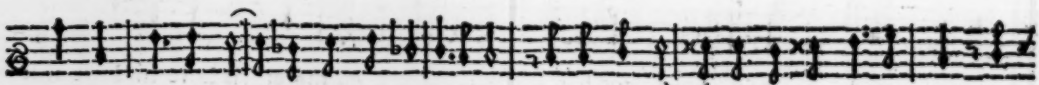
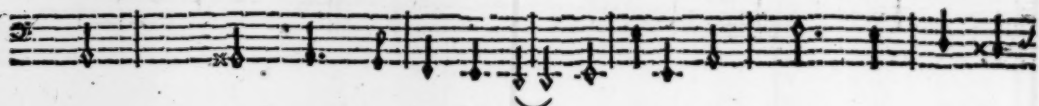
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a Pheasant is:
What in our Matches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.

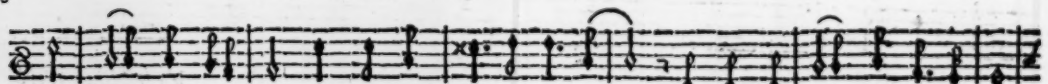
O, go, and bestride the Southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-



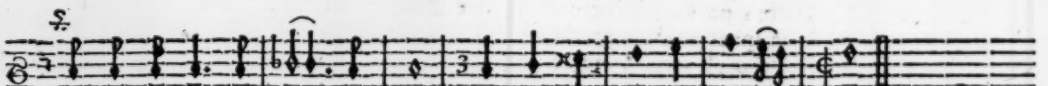
hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and Climes unknown to man, laid on a snow-rai's'd



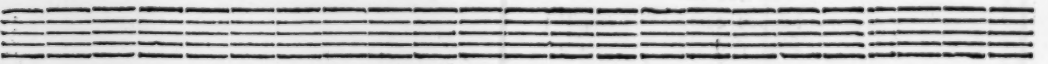
mountain, bear the bo-some to the freezing air; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but



they thaw with thy heart her far more cold disdain, apply thine own despair and will to dye;



and when by these congeal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.



Mr. William Webb.



False Love reproved.

Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have with'd thee constant

in thy love; but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy Beauty, or as the Glas that

shews it thee, my hopes thus soon to o-verthrow, shows thee more fickle; but my flames by

this are easier quencht than his, whom flattering smiles betray; 'tis tyrannous delay breeds

all the harm, and makes that fire consume, which should but warm.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,

But who can tell thy fate?

And say that when this Beauties done,
This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
I could have serv'd thee with such truth
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,

Departed long ago;

And at this ebbing tyde,

Have us'd thee as a Bride

Who's only true

Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

N

Loves torrid Zone.

O, no, fair Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love in mee, and

worse for thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this hour, more than I did the

last, 'twould then so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow, and can admit en-

crease, admits as well an ebb, and may grow lesse.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

True love is still the same
 The Torrid Zones,
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know:
 For love grown cold, or hot
 Is lust and friendship, not
 The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,
 Held down, or up too high;
 Then think I love, more than I can expresse,
 And would know more, could I but love thee lesse,

To his *Chloris* at Parting.

Ain would I *Chloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine

arms remain; but loe, the jealous morn her Ro-sedores to spight me ope's, and brings the

day a-gain. Farewell, farewell, *Chloris*, 'tis time I dy'd, the night de-parts, yet fill my

woes abide.

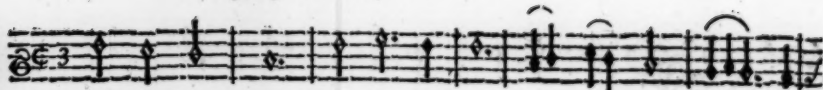
Dr. John Wilfon.

II.

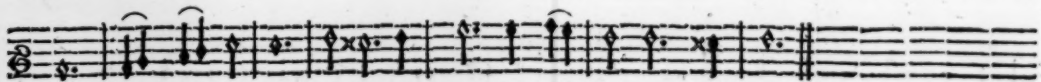
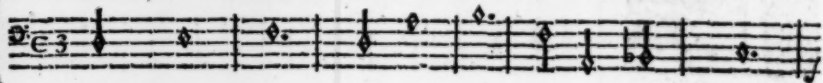
Hence saucy flaring Candle of the Skies,
Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where *Chloris* eyes
Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

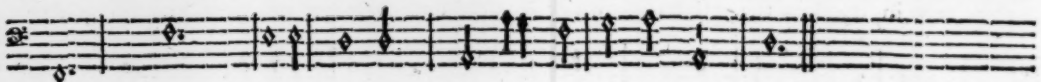
O night! whose sable vaile was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joys away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.

Coyneſs in Love.

Hat means this Strangeneſſe now of late? ſince Time doth Truth ap-



prove: this diſtance may conſiſt with State; it cannot ſtand with Love. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*



'Tis either cunning or diſtruſt,
That do ſuch ways allow:
The firſt is baſe, the laſt injuſt;
Let neither blemiſh you.

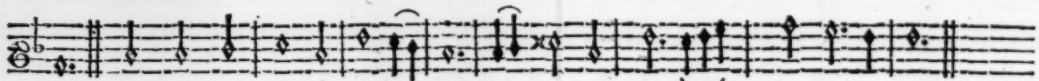
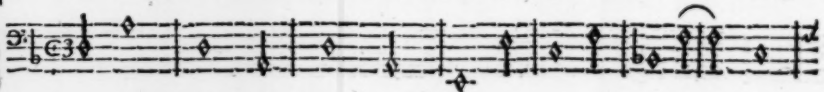
If you intend to draw me on,
You over act your part:
And if it be to have me gon,
You need not halfe this Art.

Speak but a word, or do but caſt
One Look that ſeems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be mine own.

And ſuch a faire and equall way
On both ſides none can blame,
Since every man is bound to play
The faireſt of his Game.

Love poſſeſt.

With no more thou ſhouldeſt love mee, my joys are full in loving



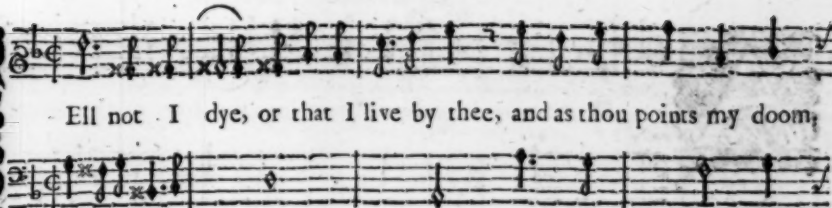
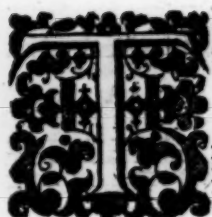
thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my bliſſe, if thou ſhouldeſt love me a-gain. *Mr. Warner.*



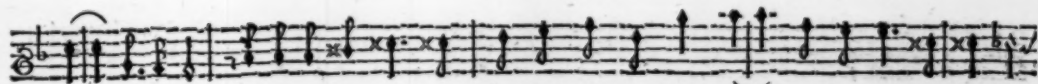
Thy ſcorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yer I muſt love while I have breath,
For not to love were worſe than death.

Then ſhall I ſue for ſcorn or grace,
A lingring life, or death embrace;
Since one of theſe I needs muſt try,
Love me but once and let me dy.

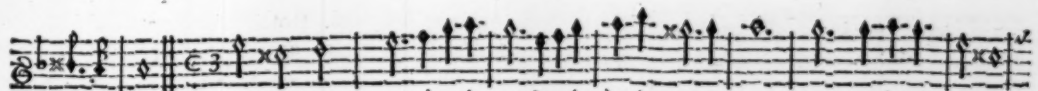
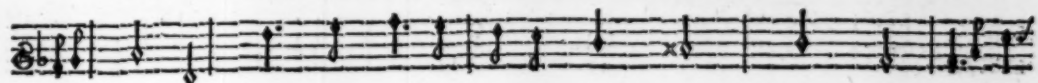
Such mercy more thy fame ſhall raiſe,
Than cruell life can yield thee praiſe;
It ſhall be counted who ſo dies,
No murder, but a ſacrifice.

A Lovers Resolution.

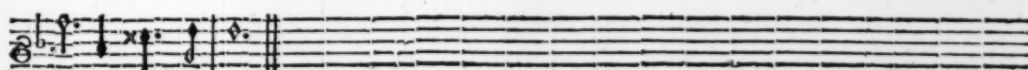
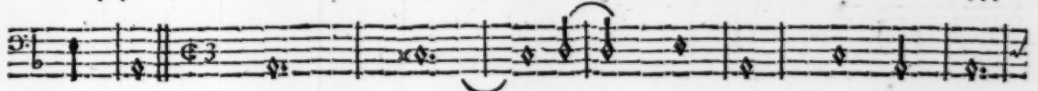
Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou points my doom,



so it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as

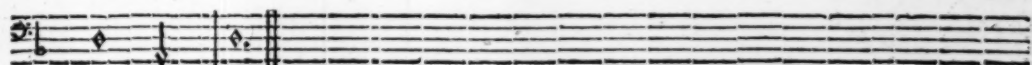


weary prove: Since he whose mind is proof a---gainst his fate, makes himself happy



at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.



II.

'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse;
And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:
Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

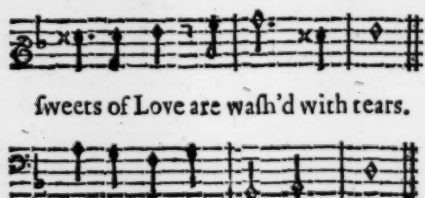
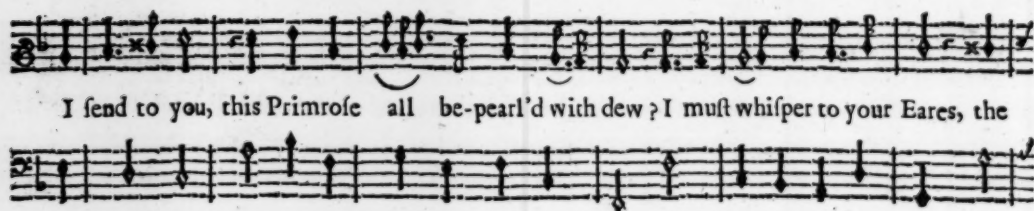
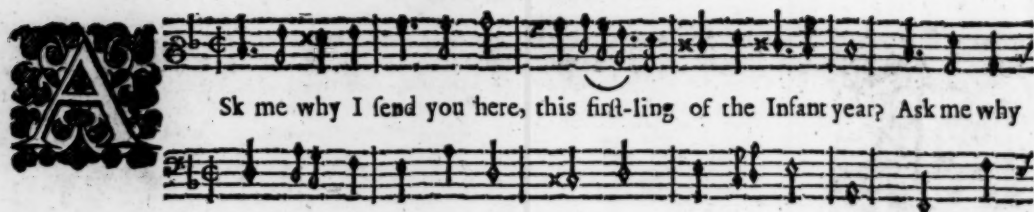
III.

I know the humour of your Sex is such
You ne'r could value any one thing much;
For should thy brei't with constant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd:
Then think me not so fond, although I love,
But as thou stea'r't thy course, so mine shal move.

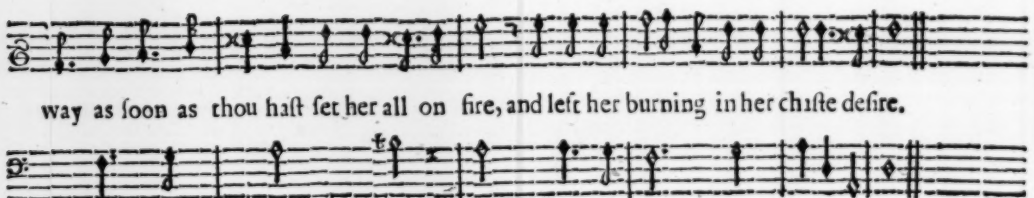
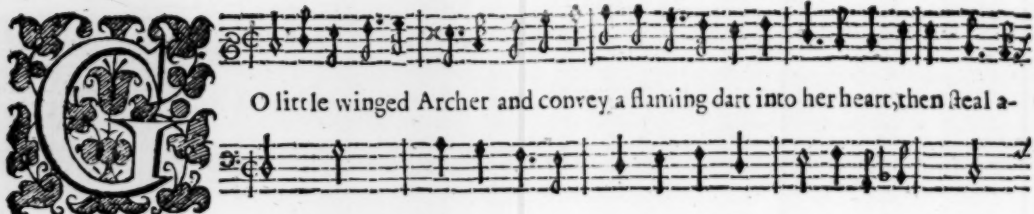
IV.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
Is his own man, not slave to any woe;
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
Still o'recommen of my destinie:
Yet know I love, thou I can leave the state,
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate.

O

The Primrose.

Ask me why this Rose doth show -
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yeelding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, These discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassage.

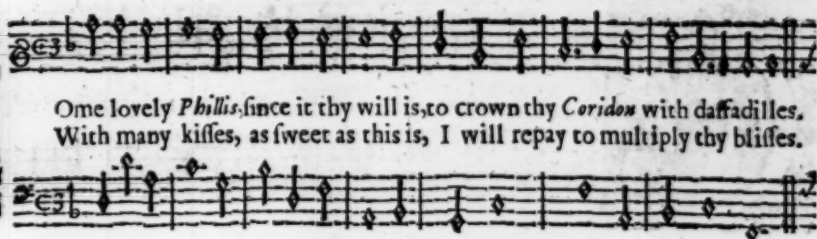
II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possess
By the distemper of her scorched breast.

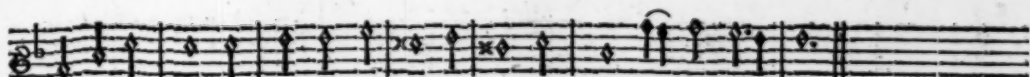
III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,
While we add fuell to each others fire.

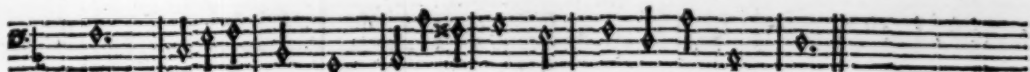
Coridon to his Phillis.



Ome lovely *Phillis*, since it thy will is, to crown thy *Coridon* with daffadilles,
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy blisses.



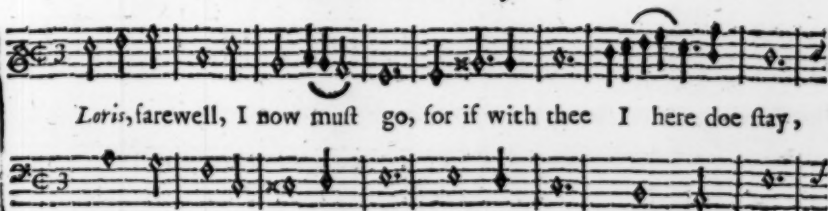
Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these arms. Mr. Henry Lawes.



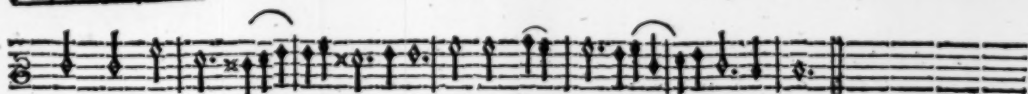
Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feeble fire of loves desire,

On Chloris attractive Beauty.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,



thine eyes prevail up-----on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brough;
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

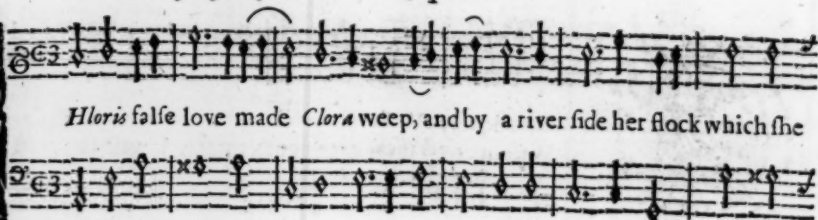
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou did'st thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

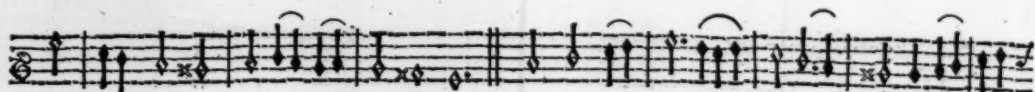
No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

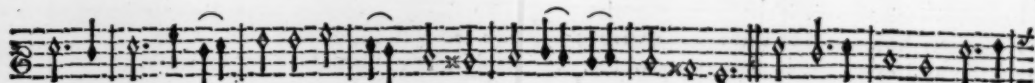
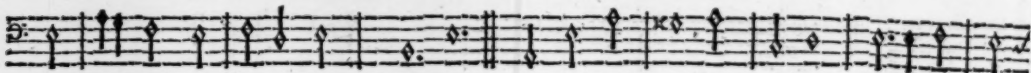
Clora forsaken, thus complains.



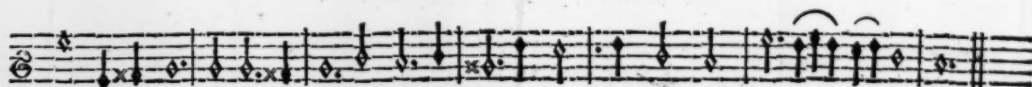
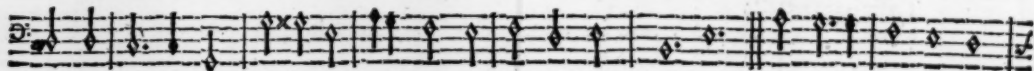
Hloris false love made *Clora* weep, and by a river side her flock which she



was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-ju--stice, O ye Gods! to kin--dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor victo-ry, to peirce a



heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.



Dr. John Wilson.

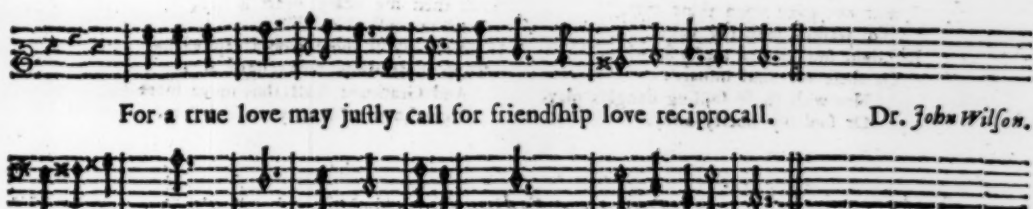
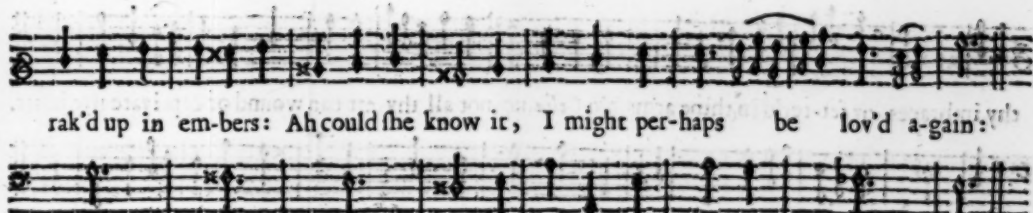
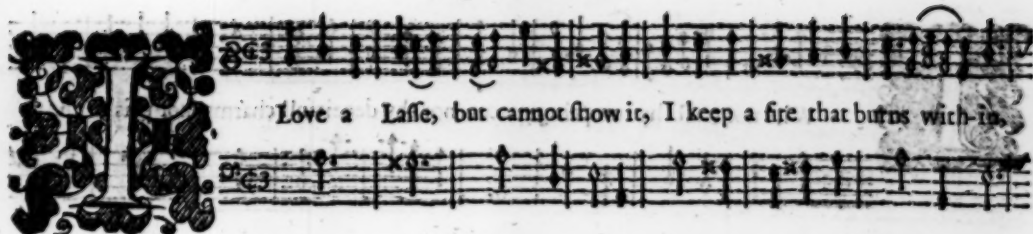
As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blonbard face appears,
Now out alas, said she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.

And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his brest,
Shall equall my desire.

Reciprocal Love.

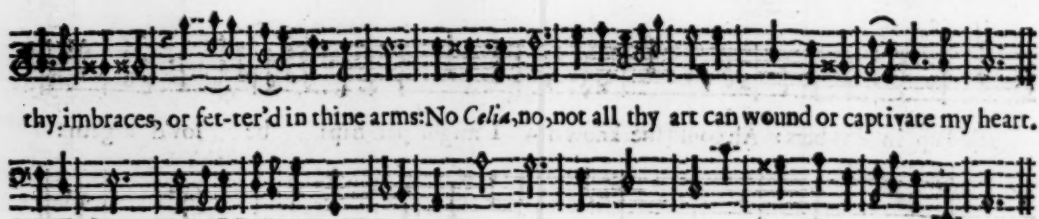
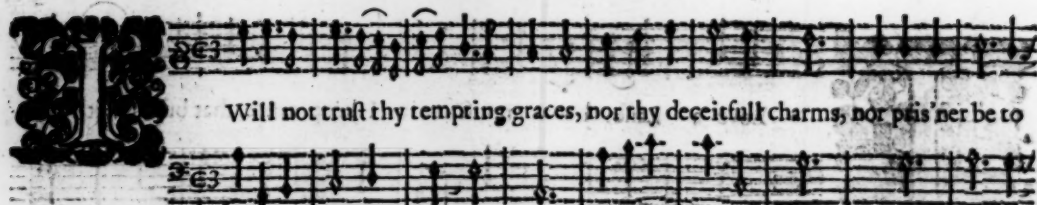
II.

Some gentle courteous winde betray me,
 A sigh by whispering in her ear,
 Or let some pitious shower convey me,
 By dropping on her breast a tear,
 Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
 By often drops receives a dint.

III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
 That is already too too weak;
 No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
 By writing what they cannot speak:
 Go then my Muse, and let this verse
 Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse,

On Loves deceitful Charms.



II.

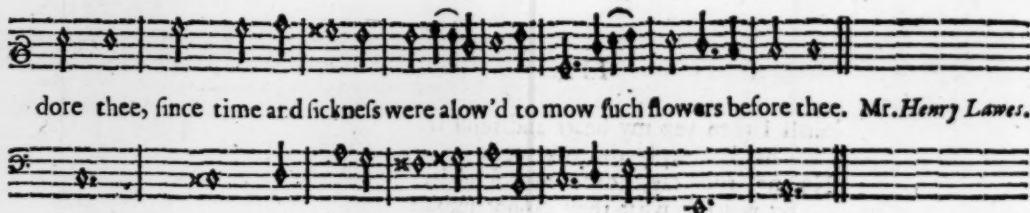
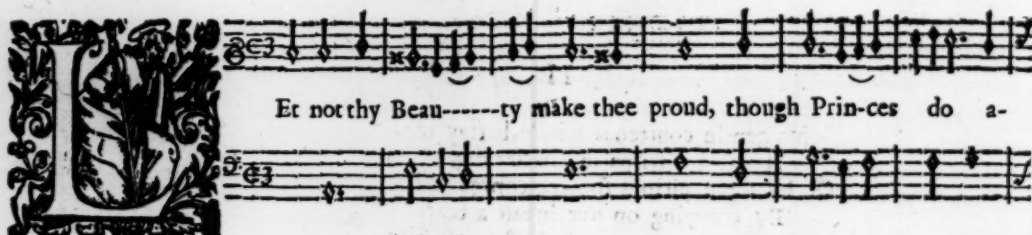
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy haire,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soul insnare:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine;
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must thine own resigne:
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.

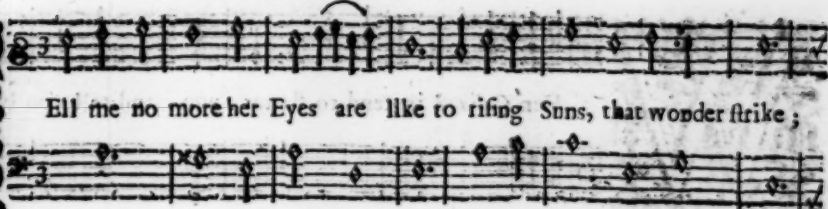
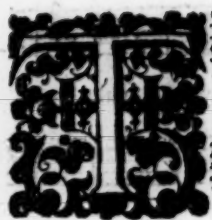


II.

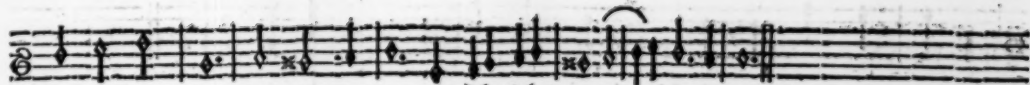
Nor be not shy to that degree
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so coming, or so free,
That every fly may blow thee;
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildness;
It may like Vertue sit betwixt
The extremes of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy vertue with a story.

Beauty in Eclipse.

Ell me no more her Eyes are like to rising Sns, that wonder strike;



For if 'twere so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me?

Mr. William Lawes.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

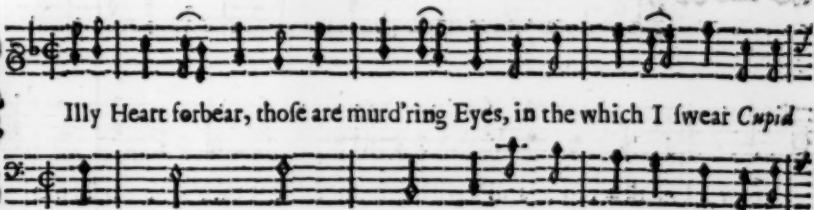
Tell me no more the restless Sphaeres
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon,
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

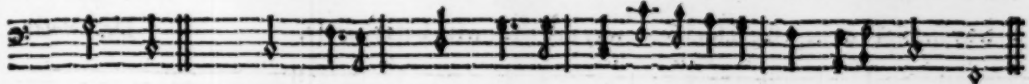
That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quire;
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

Cupid detected.

Silly Heart forbear, those are murd'ring Eyes, in the which I swear *Cupid*

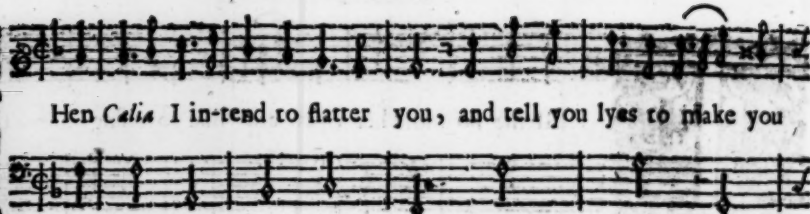


lur-king lies: See his Quiver, see his Bow; to see his Dart, fly, O fly! thou foolish Heart,

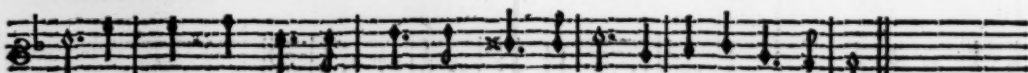


Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart,

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid Shooting, *Cupid* Darting, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

Loves Flattery.

Hen *Calia* I in-tend to flatter you, and tell you lyes to make you



true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleive it too. *Dr. Colman.*



Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No twins so like hath nature made,

But 'tis

Only in this, ♪
You prick my hand and fade.

Oft have I said there is no pretious stone
But may be found in yon alone;

Though I

No stone espy, ♪
Unlesse your heart be one.

When I praise your skin I quote the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrailles pull,

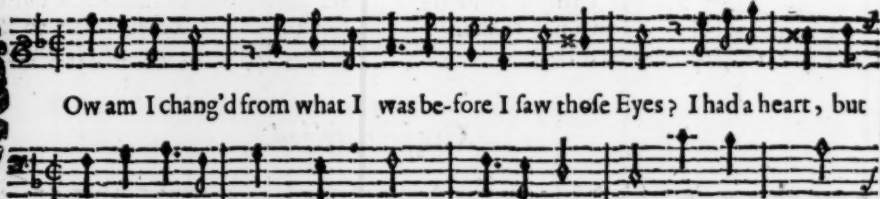
And show

That new fallen snow, ♪
Is not more beautifull.

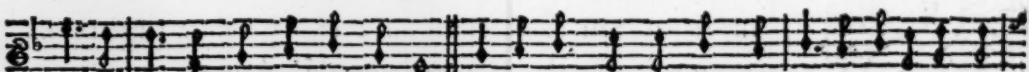
Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these

Whilst I

Before you ly, ♪
They might be had with ease.

Loves Theft.

Ow am I chang'd from what I was be-fore I saw those Eyes? I had a heart, but

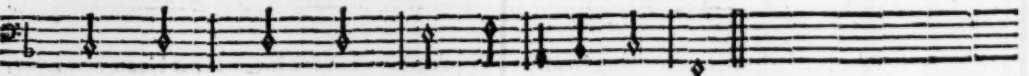


now a-las, that roo n is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her



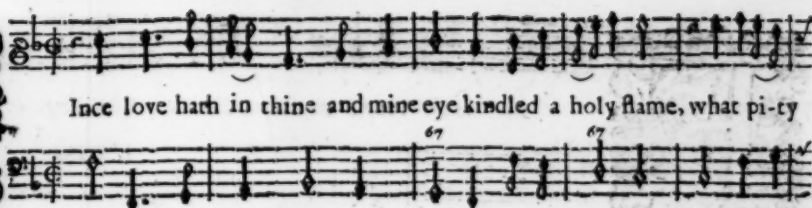
why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.

Dr. Colman.



Thus am I left to court my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
O'r ought that's true delight.

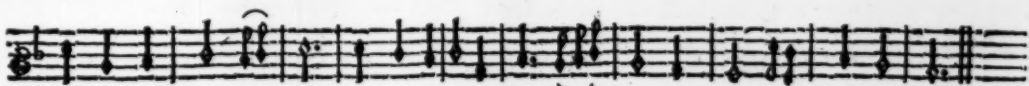
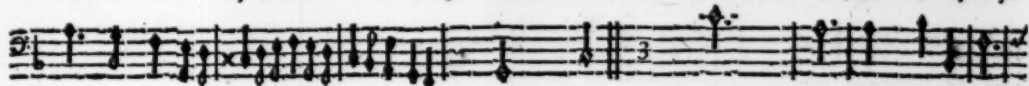
I'll therefore on some River side
Wander to breath my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how *Hylas* dy'd
That I might do so too.

Power of Love.

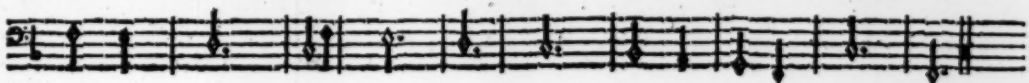
Ince love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pi-ty



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tinct by day,



disclose their flames at night, and in a fable sence convey their loves in beams of light.



Dr. John Wilson.

II.

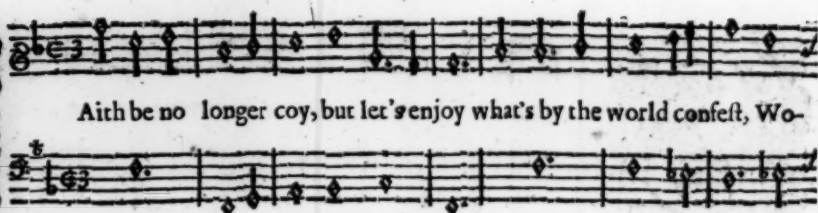
So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Loves fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

III.

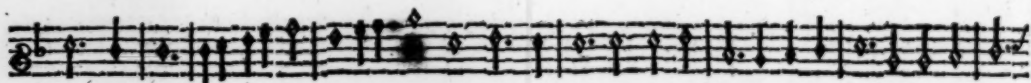
Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Though they ſhine fair and bright;
Yet when they cover to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte
The flame of our deſire,
No veſtall ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

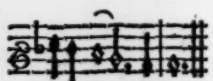
If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waſte away
I'll take new fire from thine.

A Motive to Love.

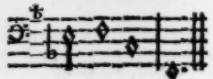
Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest, Wo-



-men love best: thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shal be old,

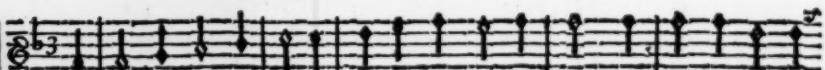


and cannot doe.

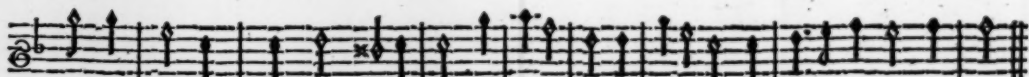
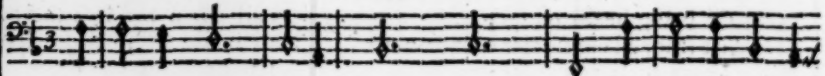


Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
So fair a Bride?
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the Husband and his friend.

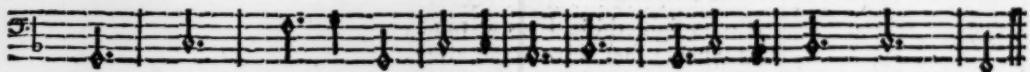
To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;
But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
Ineed provoking more then you.

On Liberty.

Ow happy'rt thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing

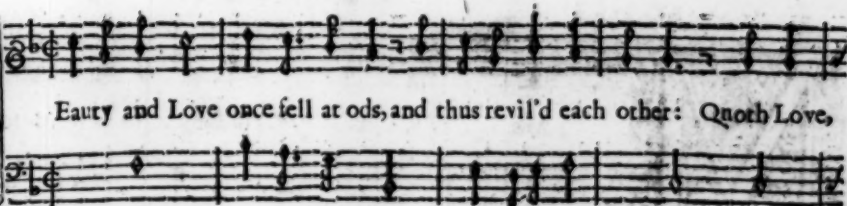


here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berry, 'tis liberty, that e-very wise man loves.

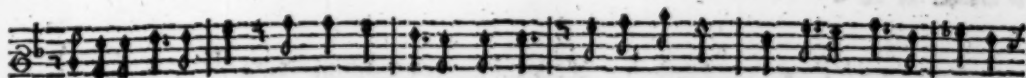


Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Assle beleives her fair, that is not kind and free:
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.

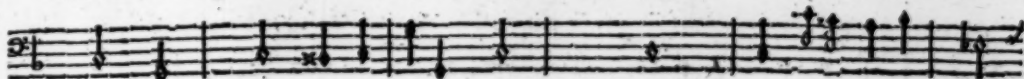
I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

Beauty and Love at ods.

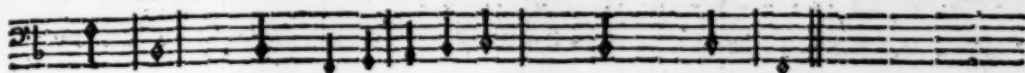
Beauty and Love once fell at ods, and thus revil'd each other: Quoth Love,



I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no pow'r ore man at all, but what I

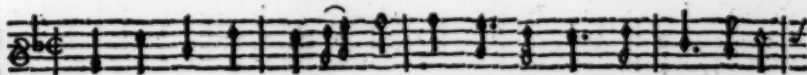


gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

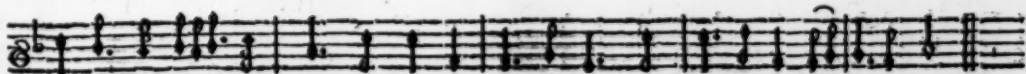
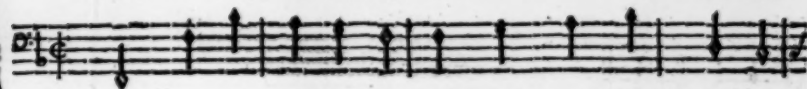


Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

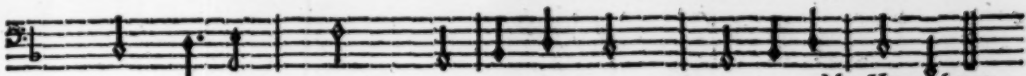
Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

Love admits no Delay.

Ome, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;



see how the stealing Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.



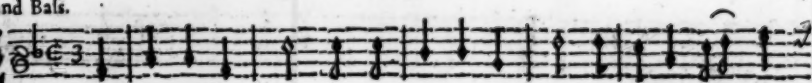
To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen,
Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gon,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire;
She loseth Time that lyes alone.

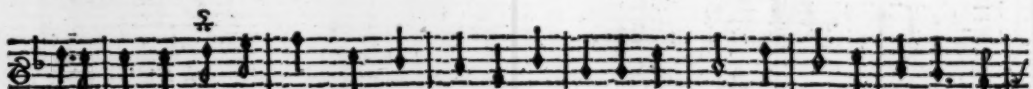
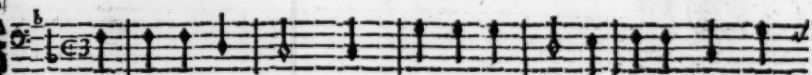
Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then these powers
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightfull kisses Strike the hour.

The Anglers Song.

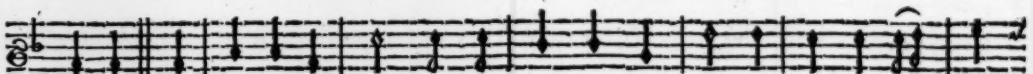
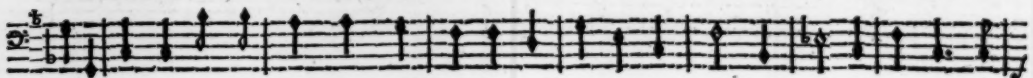
For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.



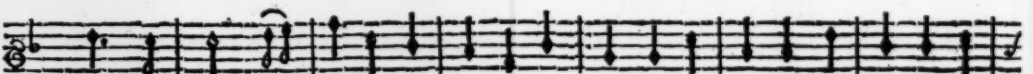
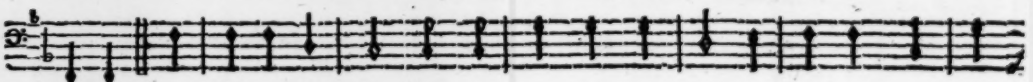
Ans Life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short



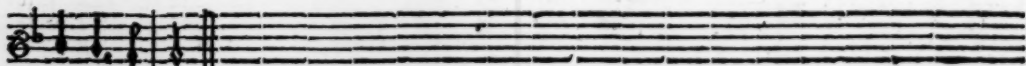
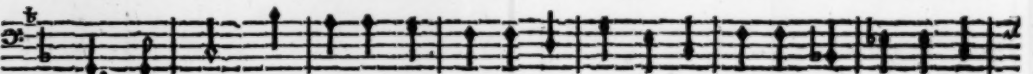
as a Bubble ; Tis a Hodg Podg of businesse, and Money and Care, and Care and Mony, and



trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we Vex now

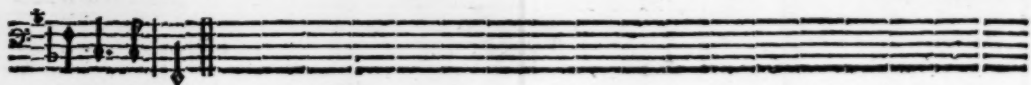


though it Rain; wee'll banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and



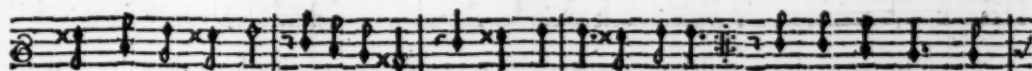
Angle again.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

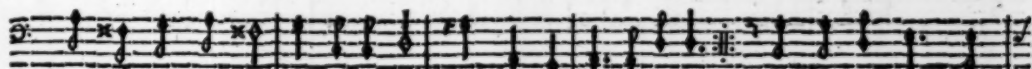


On Attractive Beauty.

Oft see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a

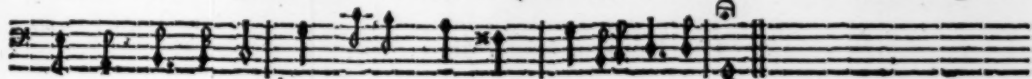


time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works



now no more on me, than if it could not charm, or I not see.

Mr. John Goodgroom.



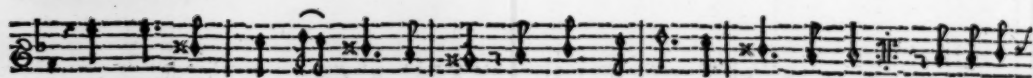
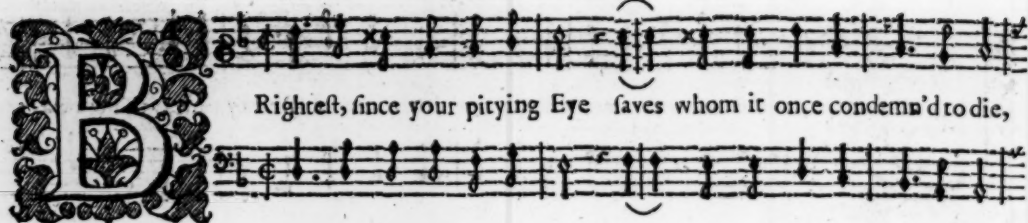
II.

And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still desires;
Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lyes,
Whether my Heart be faultie or her Eyes.

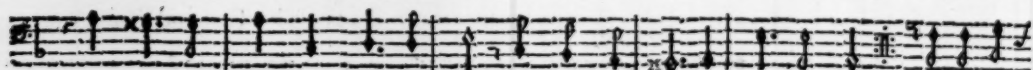
III.

She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often dye;
Neither her Power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and Hidden Fates,

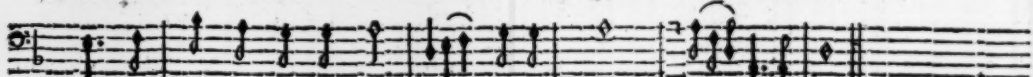
R

Power of Love.

whom lingering Time did long dismay, you have reliev'd in this short day: Propitious

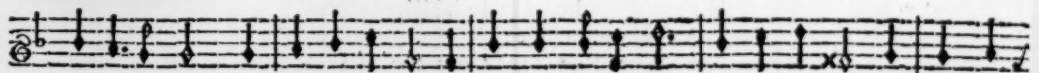
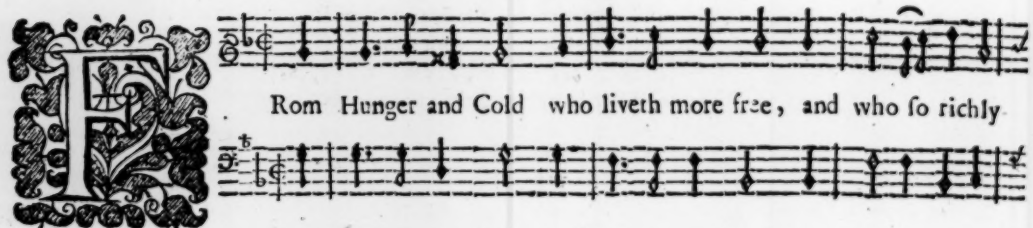


gods themselves can do no more; slow to Destroy, but active to restore.

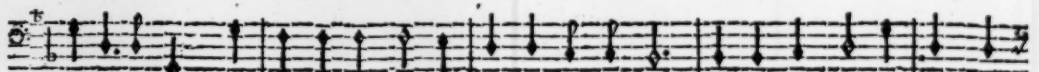


From your Fair, but absent Look,
Cold Death her Pale Artillery took;
Till Gentle Love that Dart suppress,
And Lodg'd a Milder in your breast;
Like Fam'd *Achillis* myttick spear, thus you
Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balfame too.

Mr. J. Goodgroome.

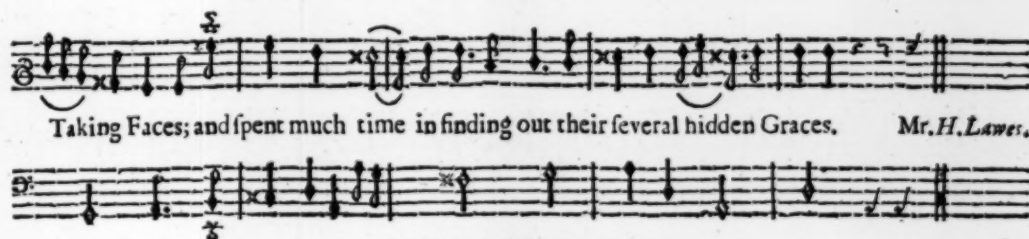
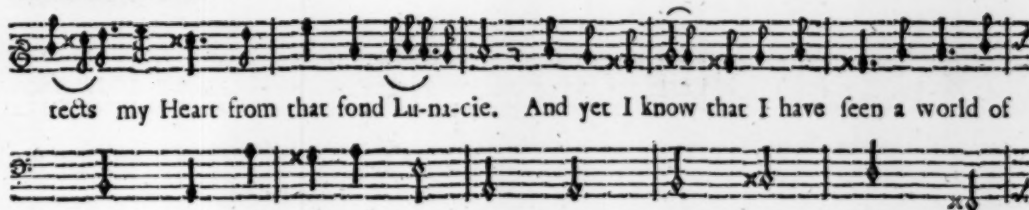
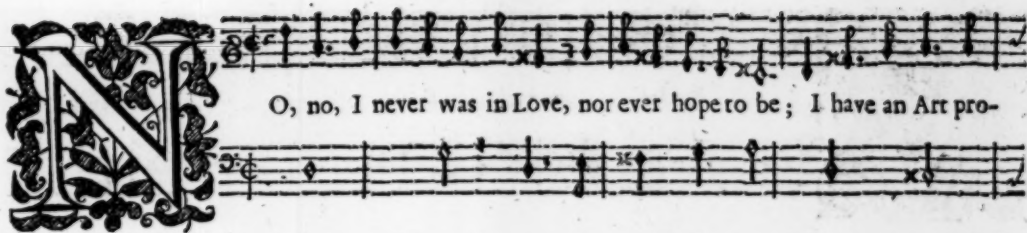
The Jovial Begger.

choated as we? Our Bellies are full, and our Flesh it is Warm, and again't Pride our Rags is

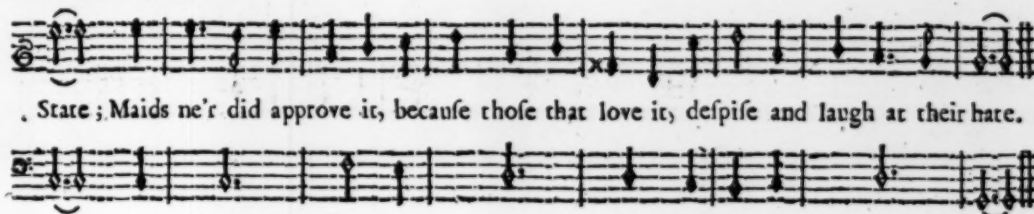
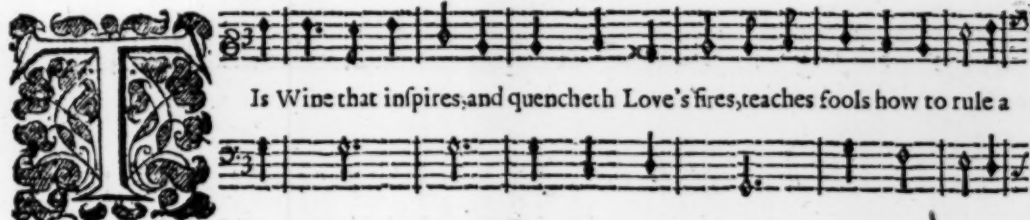


a Charm: Enough is a Feast to Morrow, Let rich men take care, we feel no Sorrow.



A Protest against Love.

This Lady for her pretty Shape
I often have admir'd:
That for her Fancy and her Wit;
I sometimes have desir'd.
But yet I never was in Love,
Nor ever hope to be:
Unless some Stronger Influence
Do draw my heart to thee.

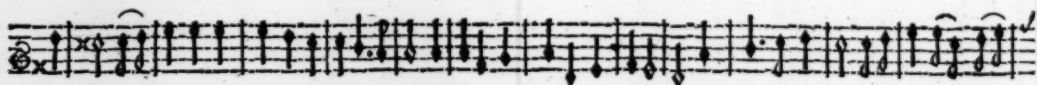
The Excellency of Wine.

The Drinkers of Beer,
Did ne'r yet appear,
In matters of any Weight;
'Tis he whose designe,
Is quick'n'd by Wine,
That raises things to their height,

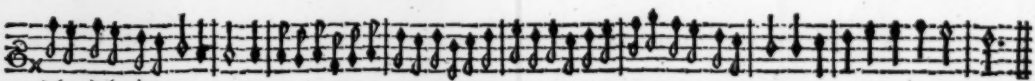
We then should it prize, *Mr. H. Lawes.*
For never black-Eyes
Made Wounds which this could not heal,
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this Juyce,
Is a Foe to the Common-Weal.

An Italian Ayre.

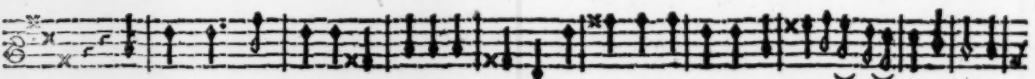
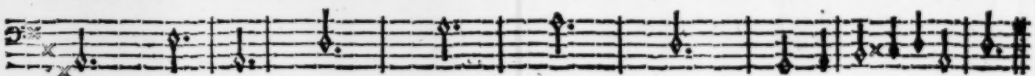
ictoria victoria victoria victori il miocere non Lagrimar pin non Lagri-



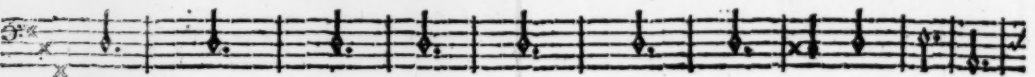
mar pin e s'colta d'amore la servi--tu victoria victoria il miocere non Lagrimar pin e scol-ta da-



-mo--re la servitu e' scol-----tu d' amore la servitu:



Gia L'empioa tuoi danni fra stuoli disguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di- spo-ve glin ganne le

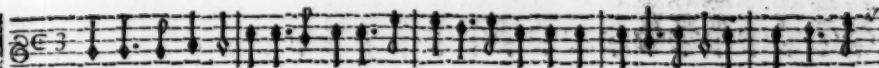


forde gl' affanno non hanno piu luo-----co dil Crudo su-o feso espet lar-- do-re.



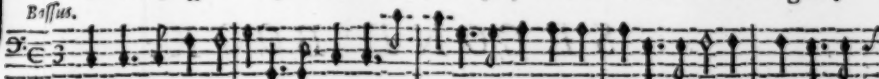
An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

CANTUS.



On bel se gella de se crezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se

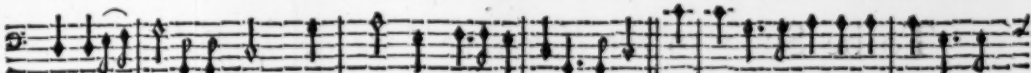
BASSUS.



On bel se gella de se crezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se

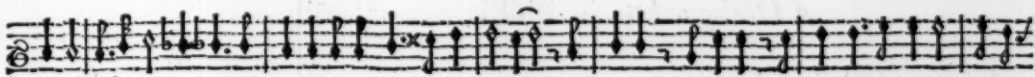


firma de li-ber-diti e ————— de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



firma de li-ber-diti e

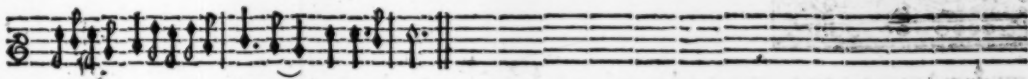
de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



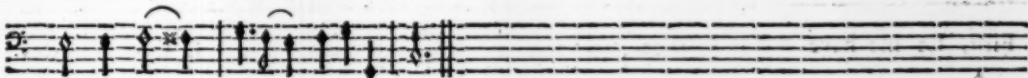
ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re senza



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re senza



----- crezza da mo--re.



----- crezza da mo--re.

Here endeth the A Y R E S for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.



SECOND BOOK;
CONTAINING
DIALOGUES
For TWO VOYCES:

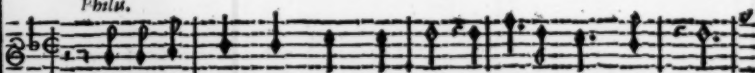
To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

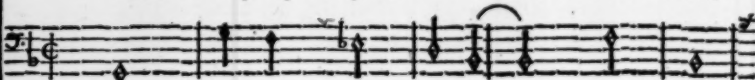
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



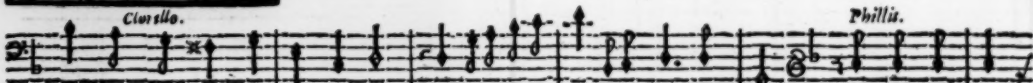
Phillis.



Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?



Clorillo.



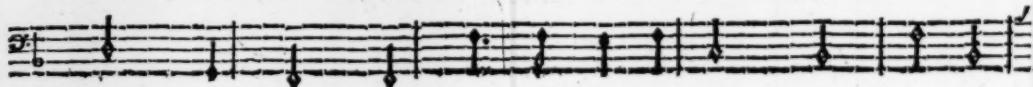
First, let me have a kifs of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while

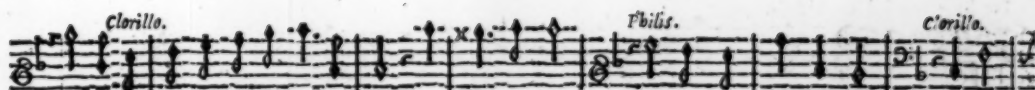


Phillis.

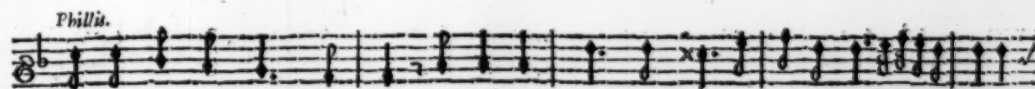
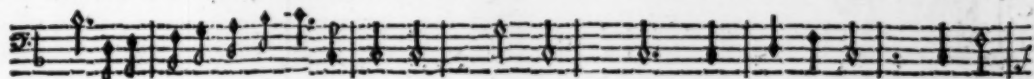


but to my little flock will look, thou shalt have this imbroidred skripand silver hook.

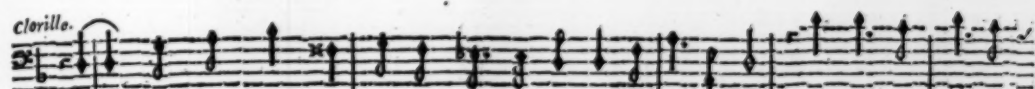




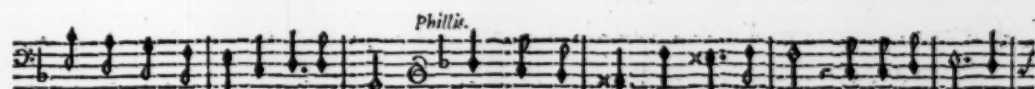
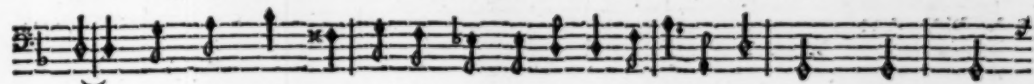
No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why?



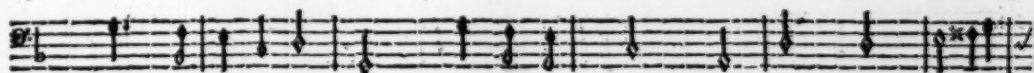
Such enticements Maids must fly: this Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lil-lies.



Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest *Philis*, do I require, to kisse thy fresh and



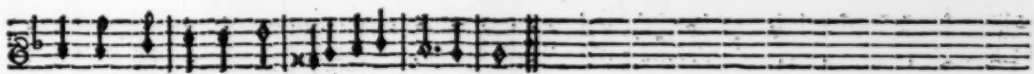
Ro-sie lip is onely my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me goe, till I return thy



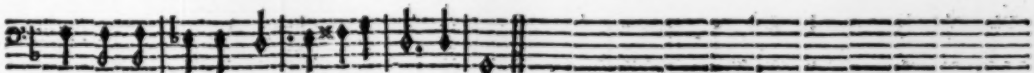
care upon my flocks bellow. Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



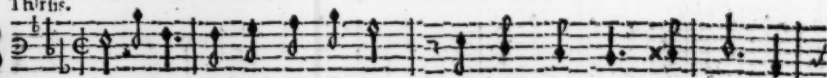
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.



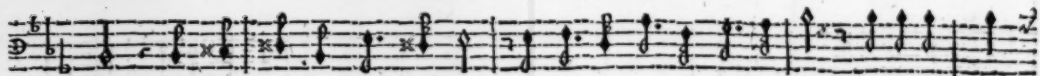
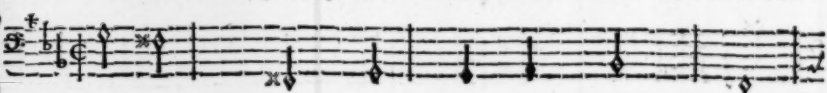
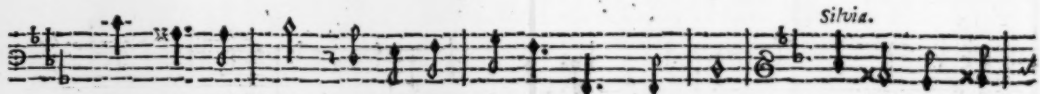
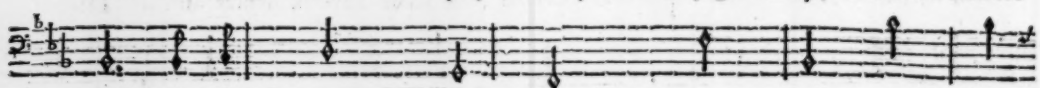
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

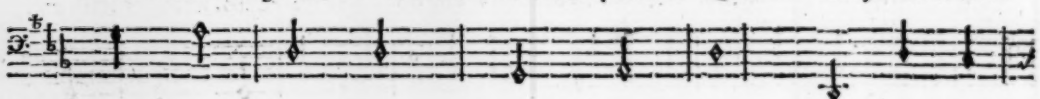
For Bass and Tible. Thirsis.



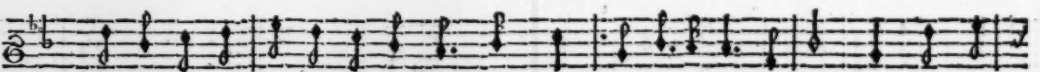
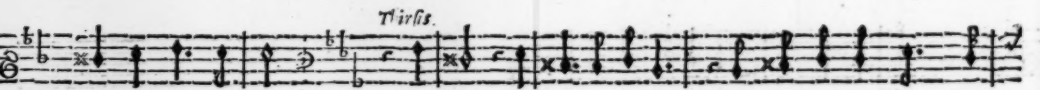
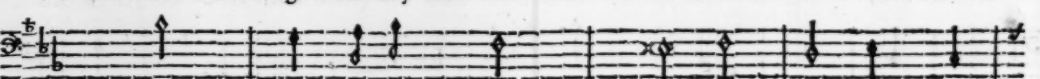
Ear Silvia, let thy Thirsis know what 'tis that makes those tears o're-

flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimbly gon astray? Are *Cloris* flowers

more fresh and green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen? Thirsis do'st thou

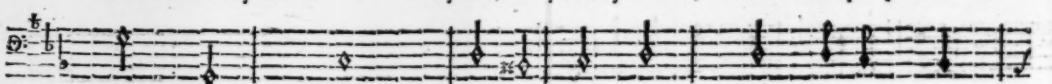


think that I can grieve for this, when thou art by? What is it then? My father

bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but *Coridons*, and wear none but his

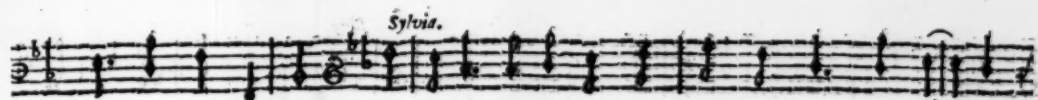
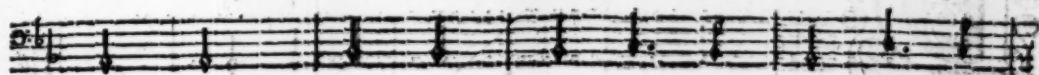
Garlands on my haire.

Why so? Why so my Silvia? Will he keep thy flocks more

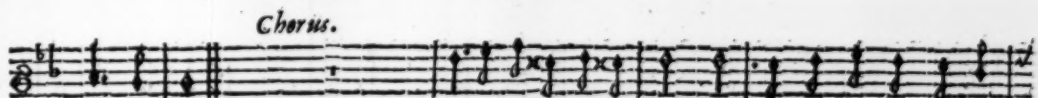




safe when thou dost sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted

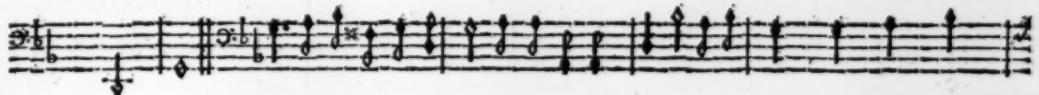


with his round delays? No *Thirsis*, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are



more then thine.

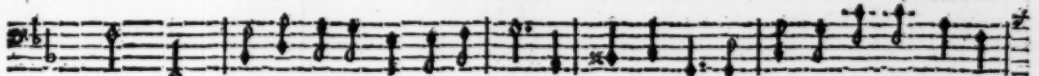
Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their



Fathers cruell as the rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyn not their children, but their



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and

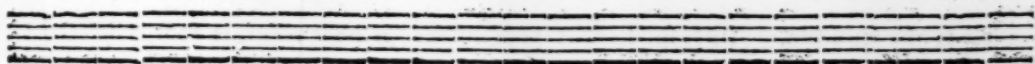


calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.



Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.



A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Lucinda.

Shepherd. *Lucinda.*

DId not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,

Shep.

but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are

Luc.

I can, or that they are so few. Nor mine, I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you.

Shep. *Luc.*

Cruell, cruell thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But Shepherd, think how

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

great my dower is in respect of thine. Ah me! ah me! Ah me! Mock you my grief? I

Shep.

pit-ty thy hard fate. Pity, for Love is poor releief, is poor relief, is poor relief, I'd

Luc. *Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe,

Shep. *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

No. Believe. No. I'll seal it with a kiss, and give thee no more cause to grieve then

what thou findest in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findest in this.

Chorus:

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

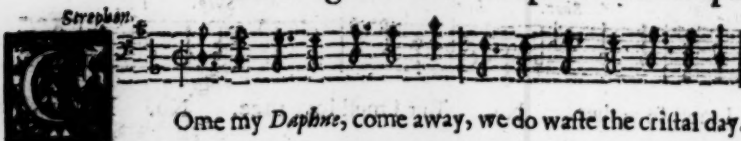

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

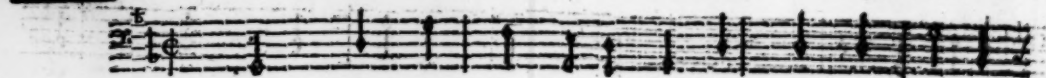
truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on


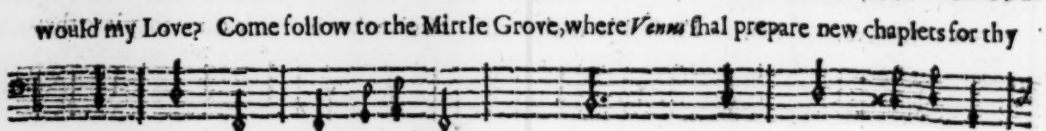
wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

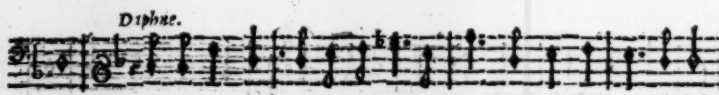
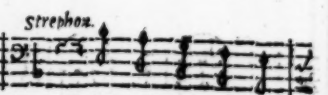
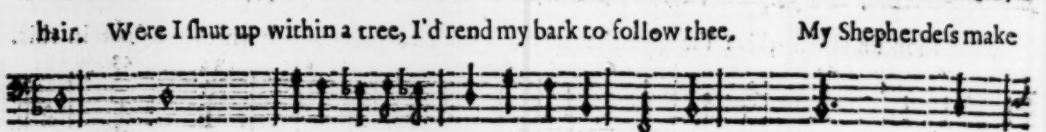
wealth grows not on wealth nor lands,

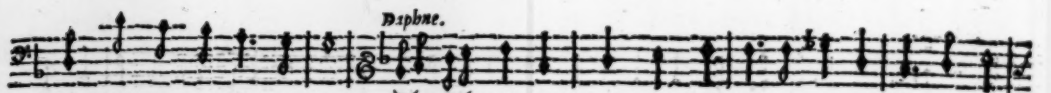
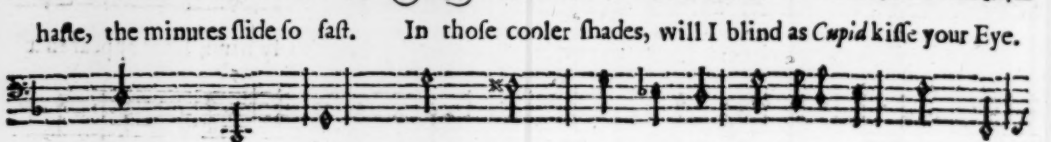
A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.


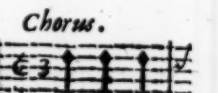
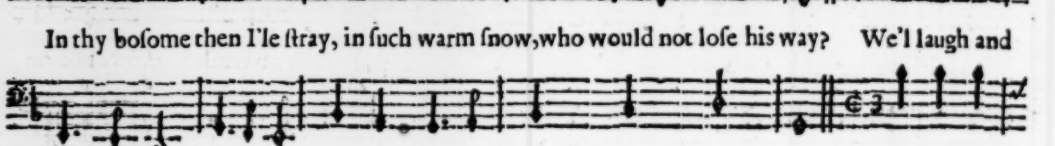
Strephon.  *Daphne.* 
 Ome my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the crital day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what

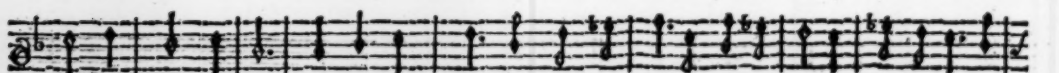
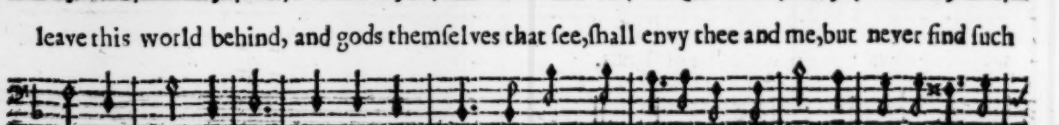


Strephon. 
 would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* shal prepare new chaplets for thy


Daphne.  *Strephon.* 
 hair. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepherd's make


Daphne. 
 haste, the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as *Cupid* kisse your Eye.


Strephon.  *Chorus.* 
 In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and

 We'll laugh and

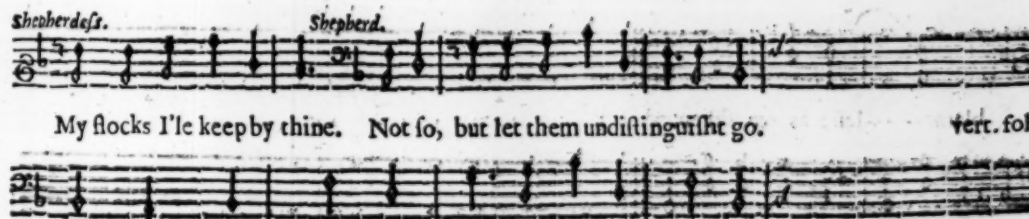
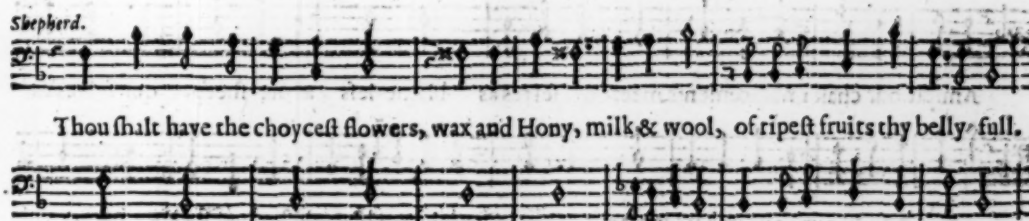
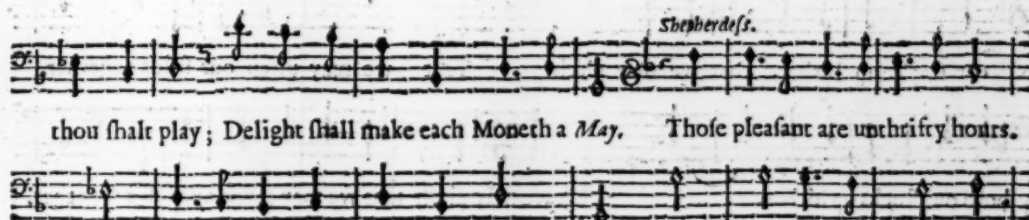
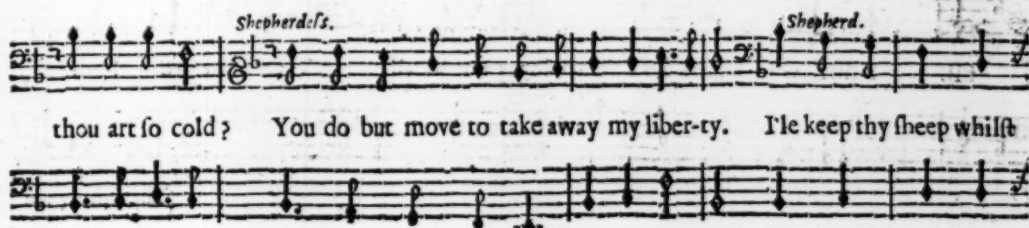
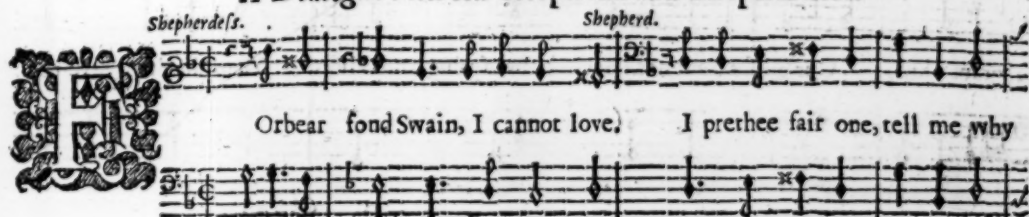

 leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such

 leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such



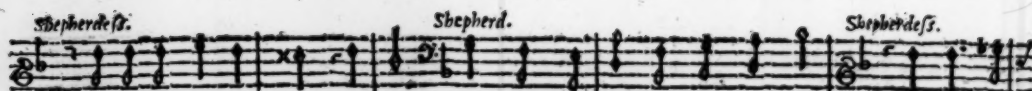
Mr. William Lawes.



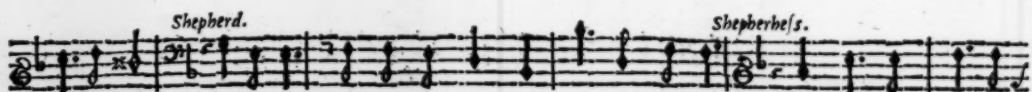
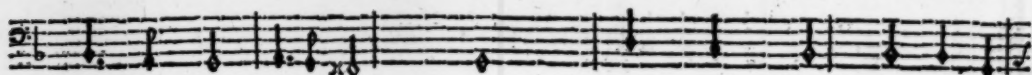
A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdes.



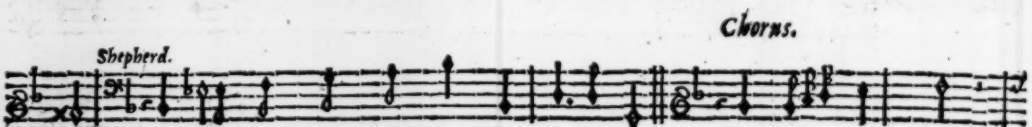
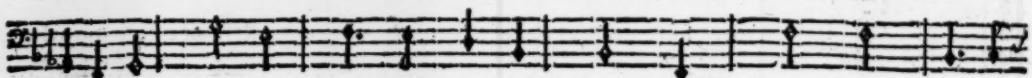
vert. fol.



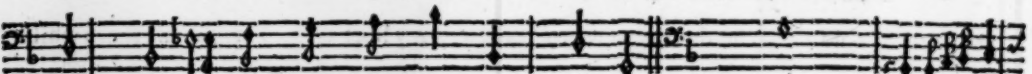
I can afford no more. Ah cease ! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



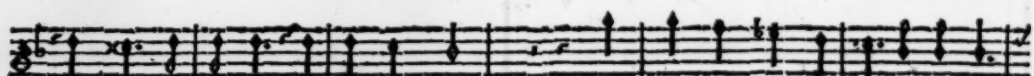
grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



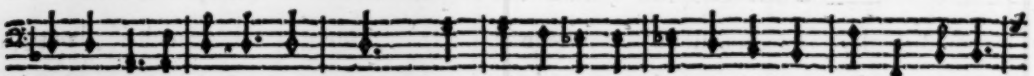
fill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



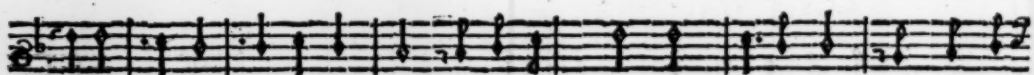
Then draw we



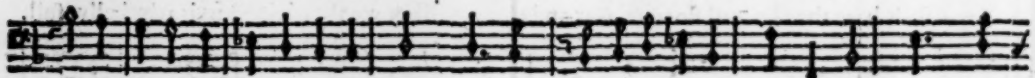
our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together,



both our flocks up hither, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



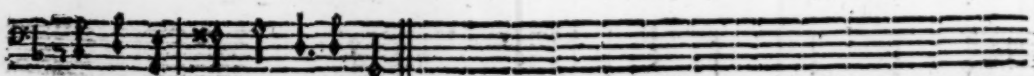
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-lesse as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste imbraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



blame-----lesse as our sheep.



Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Casar. alias Smoergill.

A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.

Nymph. *Shepherd.* *Nymph.*

Tell me *Shepherd* dost thou Love? Tell me *Nymph* why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering

Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blubber'd Eyes, that still with teares doth flow, makes me to ask.

Shep. *Nymph.* *Shep.*

I do. Dear *Shepherd* tell me who? I Love a *Nymph*, from whose bright Eyes *Phaëbe* doth her brightness borrow,

Chorus together.

where Love did first my heart surprize, where since hath sate my sorrow. Love sits in thorn'd within the circle of bright

Love sits in thorn'd within the circle of bright

Nymph. *Shep.*

Eyes. But tell me *Shepherd*, doth her Vertues Beauty equal? As She in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues

Eyes.

Nymph. *Shep.* *Nymph.* *Shep.*

without parallel; Doth She disdain thee? No. Why griev'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the

Chorus.

gods, not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

gods not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

Mr. Nish, Lancers

A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.



Phillis.

Strephon.

Hepherd in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. Phillis, I swear, since

Phillis.

I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

Strephon.

constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee Strephon leave me. Dear Phillis,

Phillis.

leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my self defend. Vain is all defence

Phillis.

and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother

I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

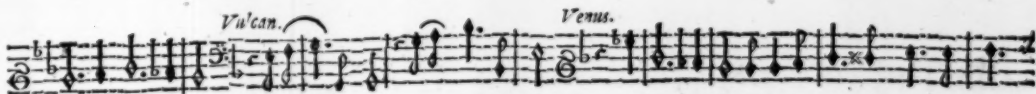
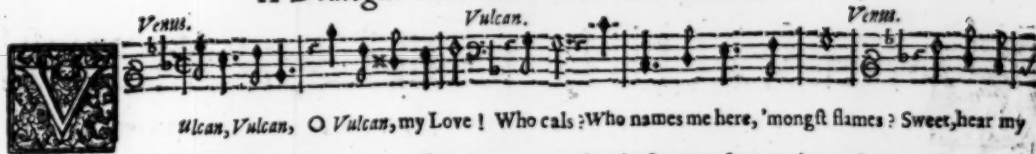
thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, & such as this is.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

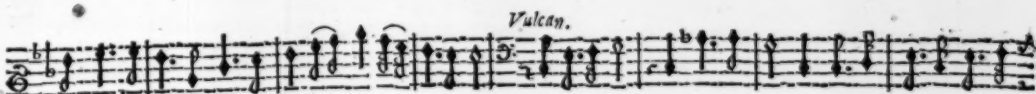
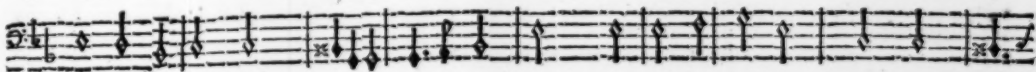
Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis, And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

Mr. Nich, Lanerc.

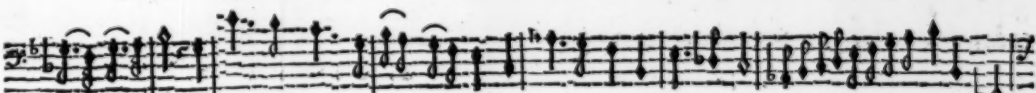
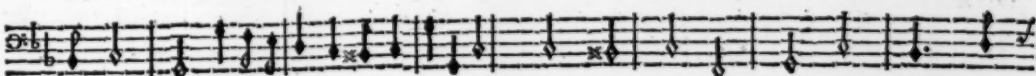
A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.



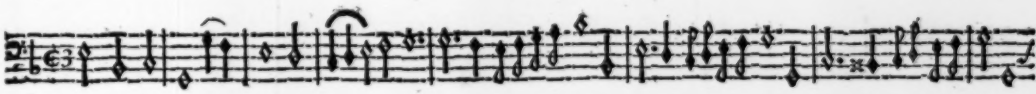
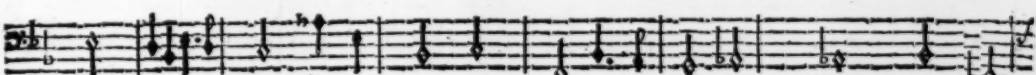
plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, forlorn *Cupid!* my wayward Son doth scorn



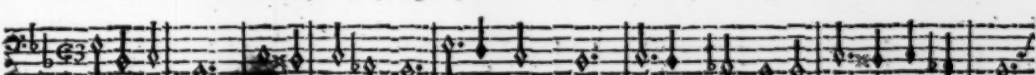
Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-tie. Is he so bold? well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have



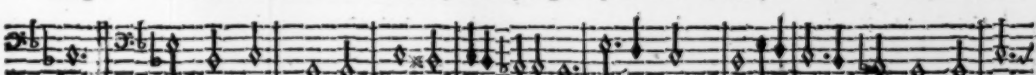
us'd to make of piercing steel, which Lo-vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and — stroke is dead.



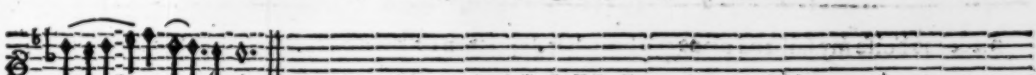
So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a — Toy, his Shaft no fearful



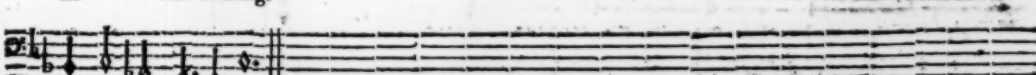
thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a — Toy, his Shaftes



So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a — Toy, his Shaftes




no — fearful thing.

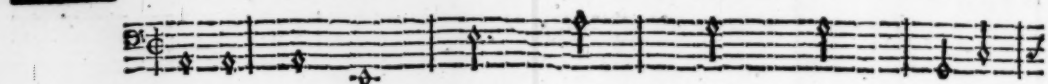


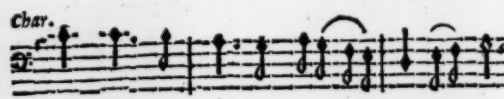

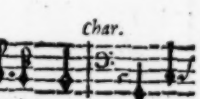
no fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawes.

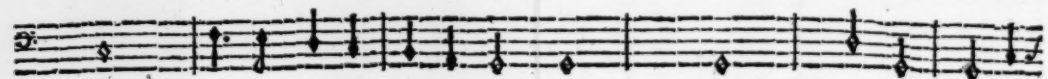
A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.

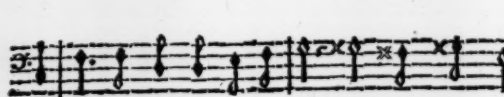
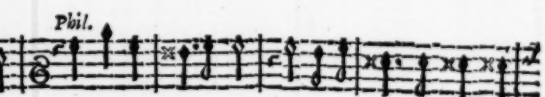
Phil.

Charon, O gentle *Charon*! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me.



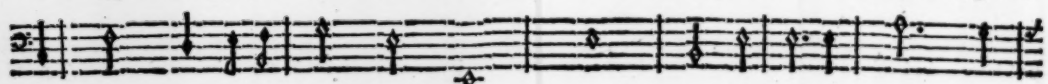
Char.  *Phil.*  *Char.* 

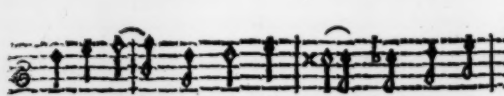
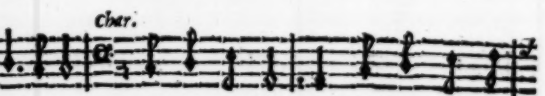
What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee first draw near. A sound



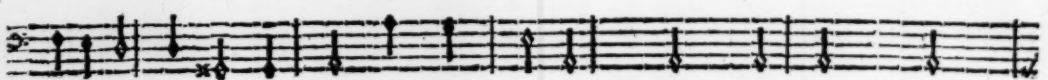
Phil.  *Phil.* 

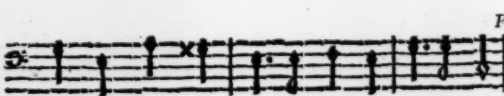

I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no



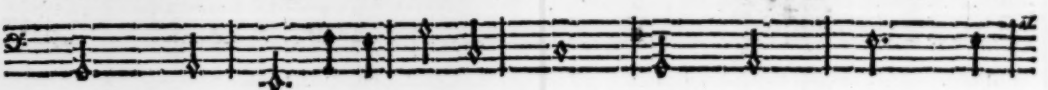
Char.  *Char.* 



name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor



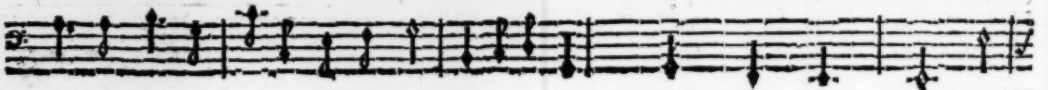
Phil.  *Char.* 

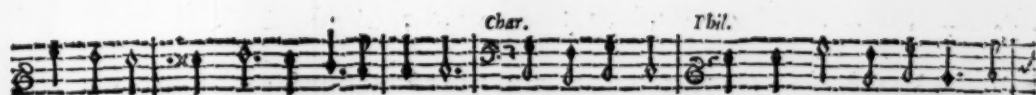
fowl, nor beast, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that



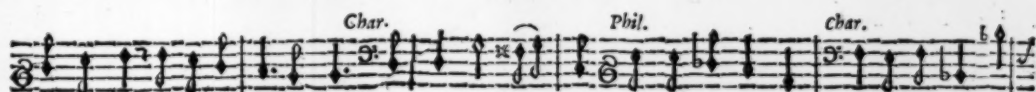
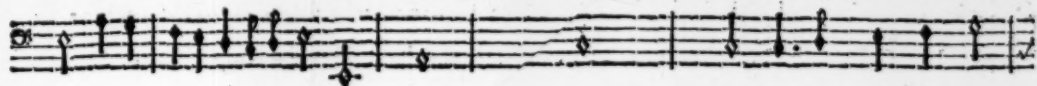
Phil.  *Phil.* 

made me hoise my sail, and bring my boar, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

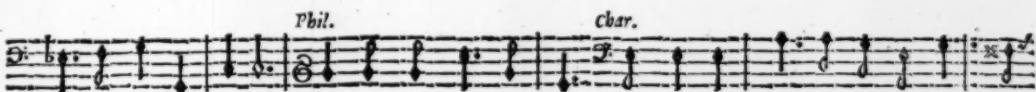
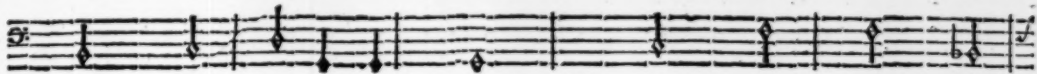




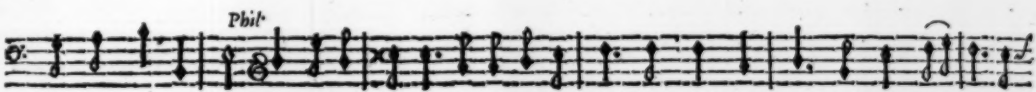
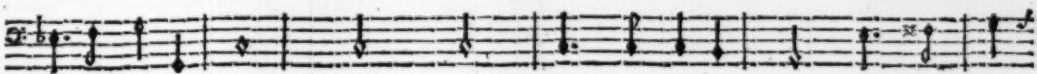
deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that



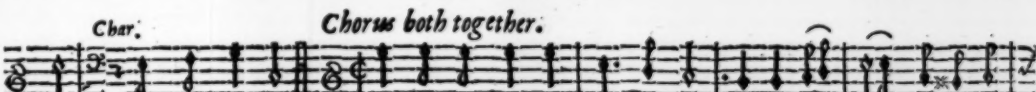
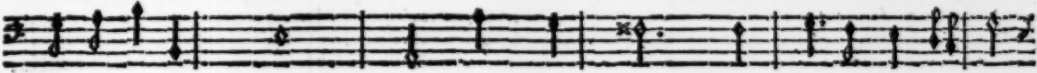
fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all



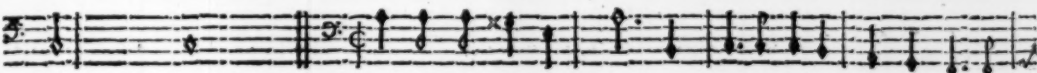
pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or



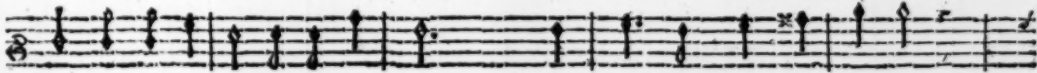
mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a



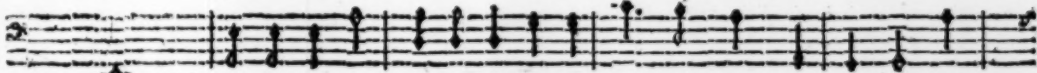
Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian



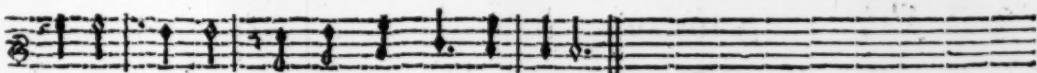
And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian



Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;

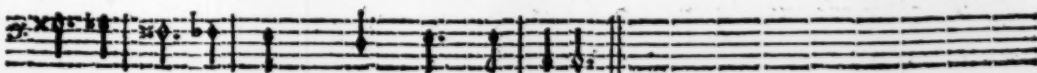


Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who



who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

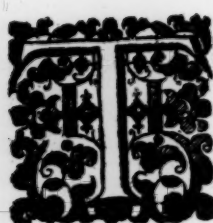
Mr. William Laves.



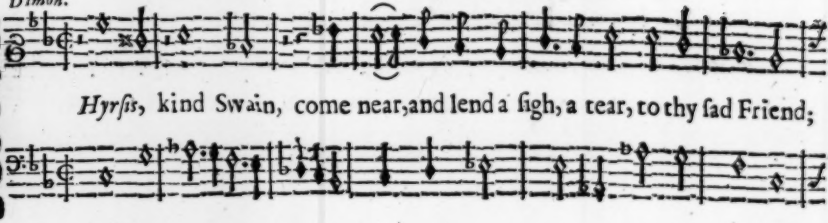
else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.


Damon.



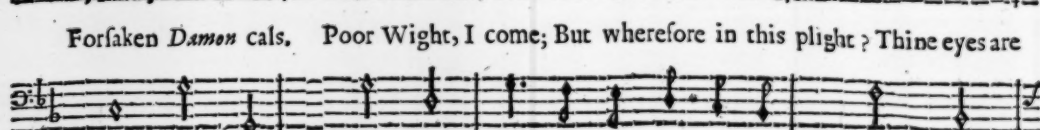
Thyrsis, kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;




Thyrsis.



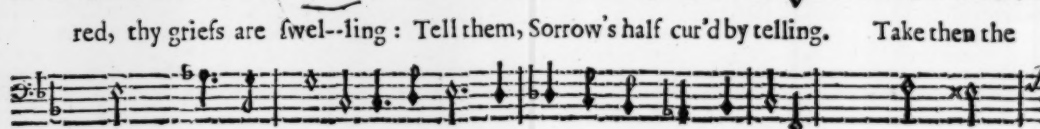
Forfaken *Damon* calls. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are



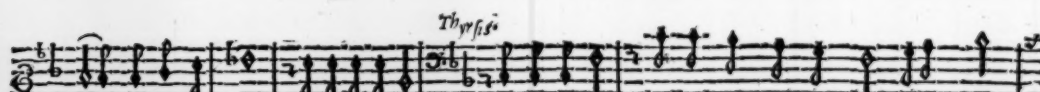
Damon.



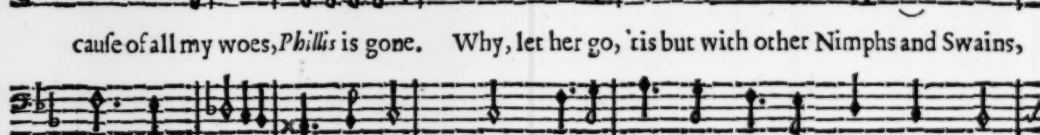
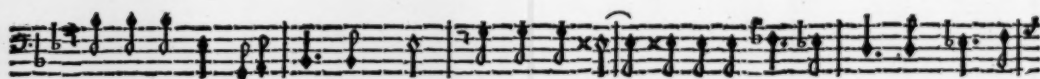
red, thy griefs are swell--ling: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the



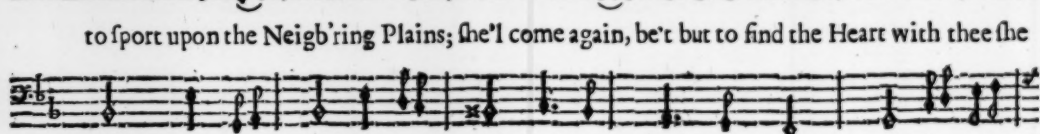
Thyrsis.




cause of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

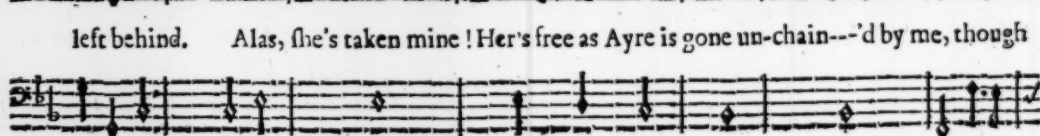
to sport upon the Neighb'ring Plains; she'll come again, be't but to find the Heart with thee she



Damon.

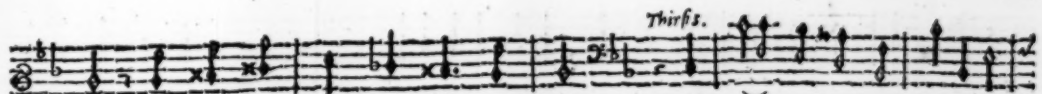
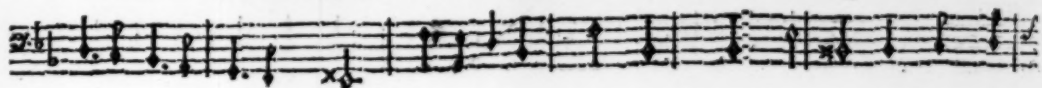


left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain---'d by me, though

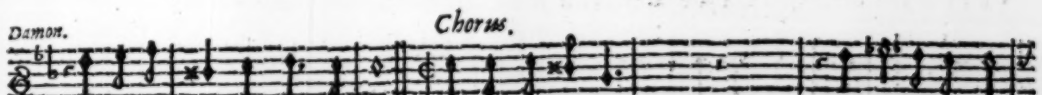
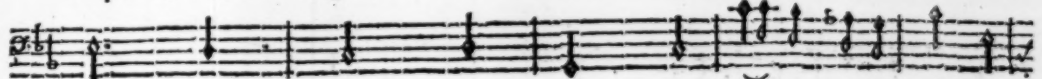




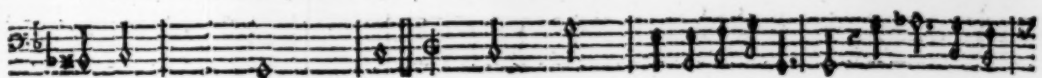
I with such devotion sought her love, as to great Pain I ought, whilst my pale look and scatter'd



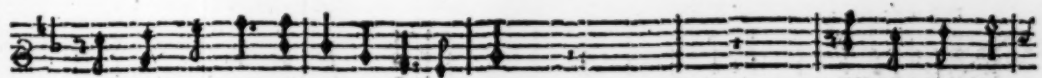
sheep shew'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and lightly by her fer.



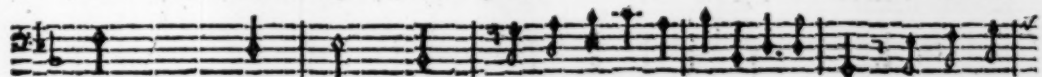
He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,



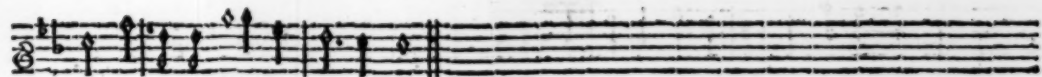
Love is a Riddle, which he best un-



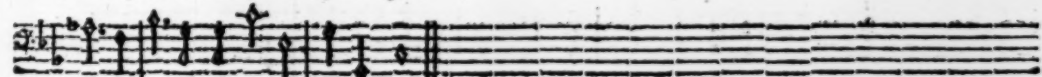
whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not



ties, whose reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whose reason's



betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.



not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

Mr. William Caesar, alias Smegergil.

A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

Cantus. Chorus.



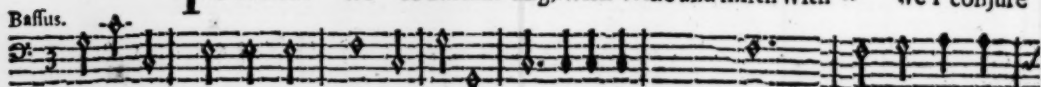
TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.



TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with $\frac{7}{8}$ we'll conjure

Bassus.



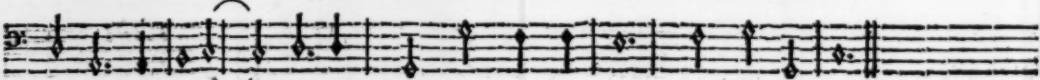
TO Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'll conjure



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

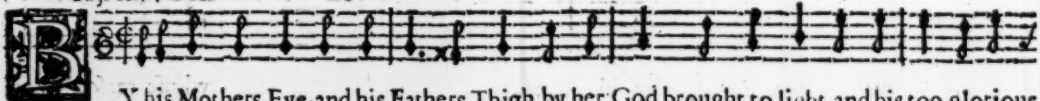


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

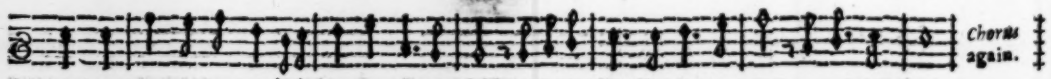
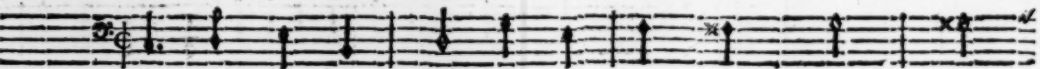


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

First verse.

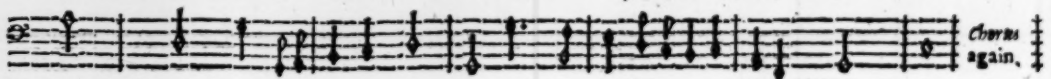


BY his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



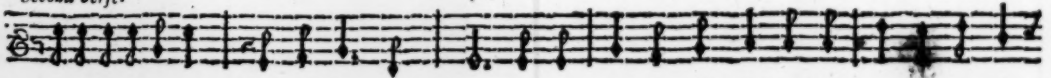
Chorus again.

fight; By Junoes deceit, and by thy sad retreat, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.

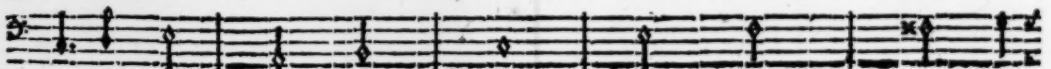


Chorus again.

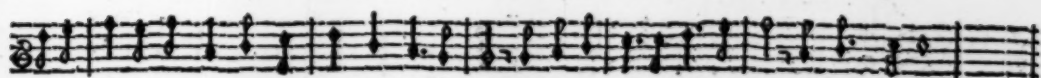
Second verse.



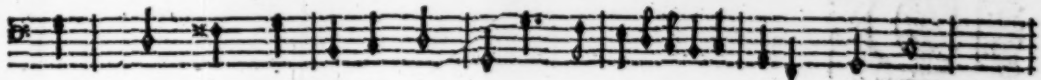
BY Ariadnes wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears sore oppress,



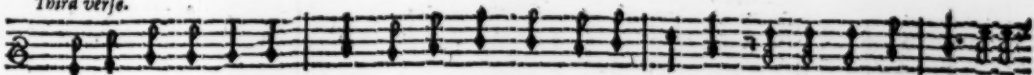
A Glee, with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.



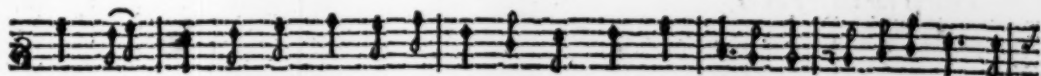
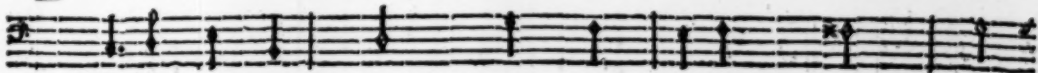
By the Beauty she fled, and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



Third verse.



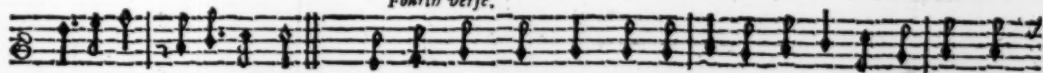
BY this purple Wine thus pour'd on the shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads; by a



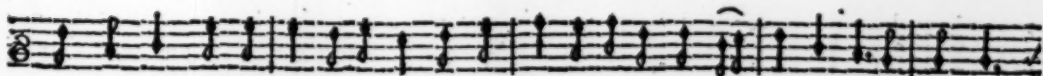
Girl twice nine, that will claspe like a Vine, that will claspe thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



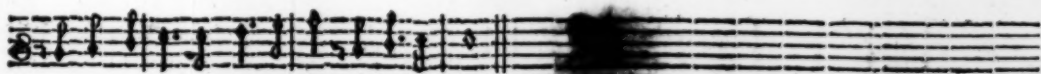
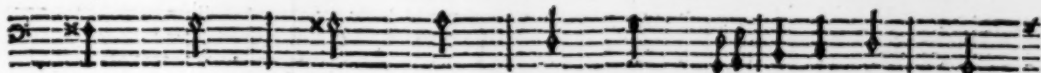
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. BY the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship

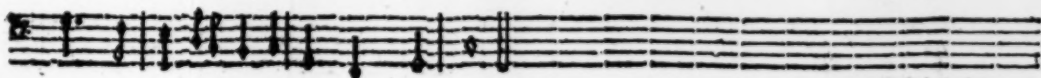


thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.



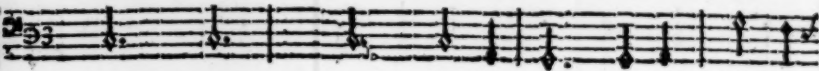
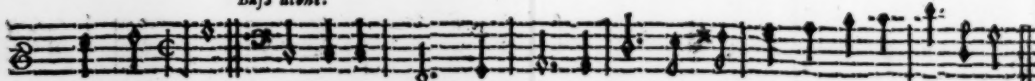
appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

To Bacchus, &c.

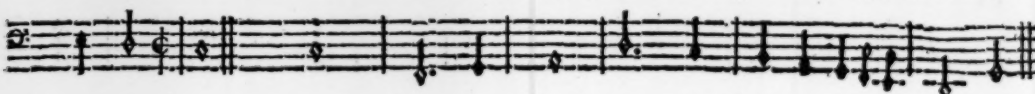
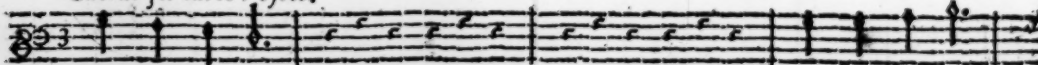


*A Glee to the Cook.**4. 3. Voc. First Treble.*

Ring out the cold Chine, the cold Chine to mee, and how Ile Charge him

*Bass alone.*

Come and see. Brawn Tusked Brawn, well sowlft and fine, with a precious Cup of Muscadine.

*Chorus for three Voyces.*

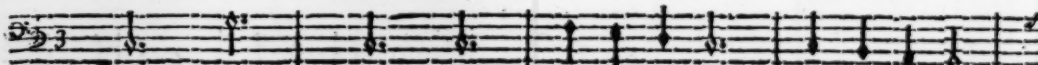
How shall I sing?

How shall I sing?



How shall I sing?

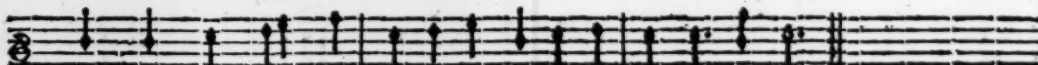
How shall I sing?



How shall I sing? How shall I sing?



How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?



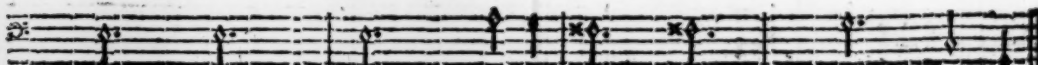
How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

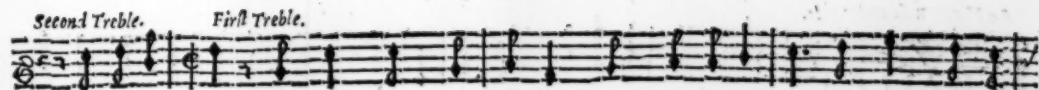


How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

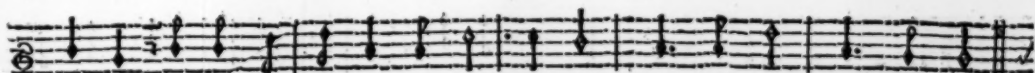
First Treble.

The Pig shall turn Round, and Answer mee; Canst thou spare me a Sholder?

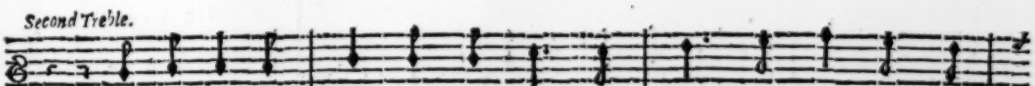
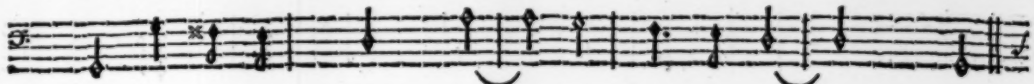




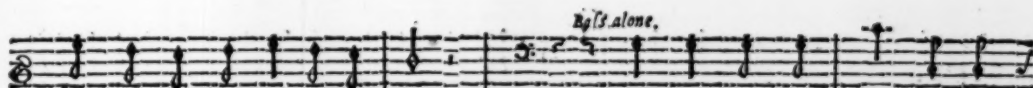
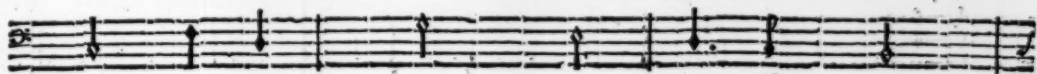
A-wy A---wy. The Duck, Goose, and Capon: Good fellows all three shall dance thee an



Antick, so shall the Turkey. But O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine for me.

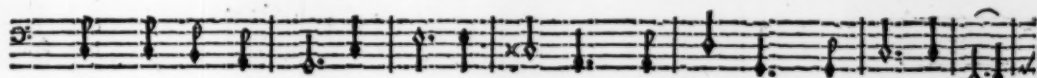
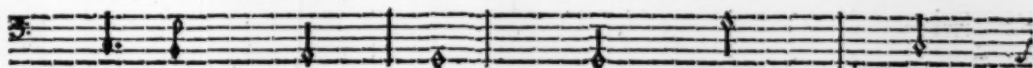


With Brew-is Ile 'noint thee from Head to th' Heel, shall make thee Run

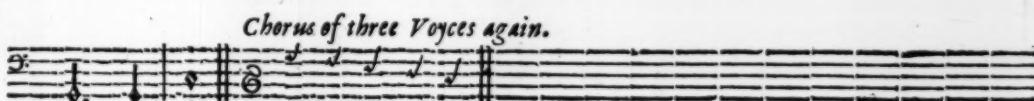
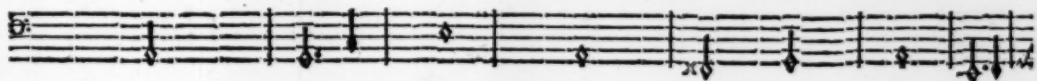


Nimble then the new oyled Wheel.

With Pye-cruft wee'l make thee the

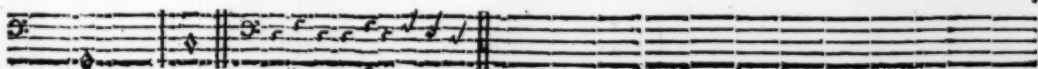


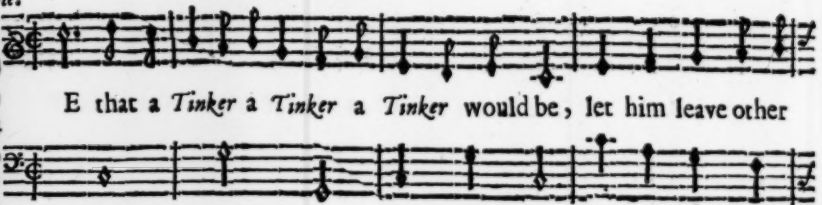
Eighth Wifeman to bee; but O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine, but O! the cold



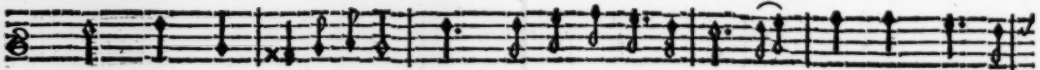
Chine for mee. How shall, &c.

Dr. John Wilson

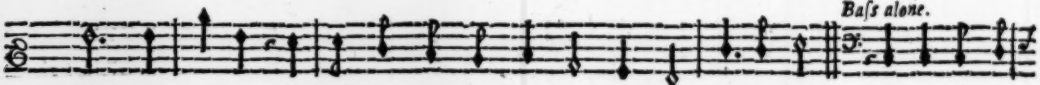
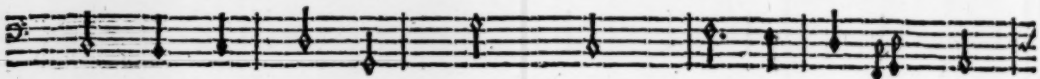


*The Tinker.**A 2 Voc. Bass and Treble.*

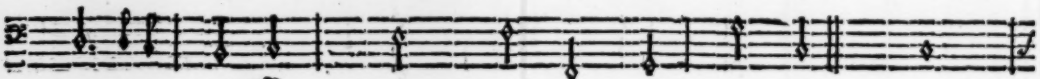
E that a *Tinker* a *Tinker* a *Tinker* would be, let him leave other



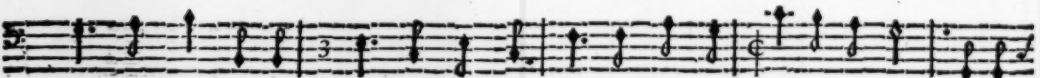
Loves, and come listen to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at



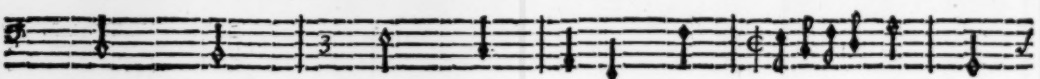
Night, and Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his



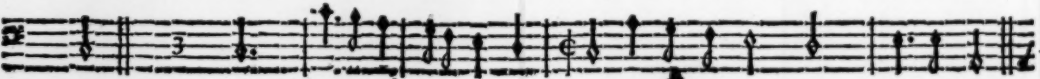
Toft in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Mufick he makes: He wanders the



World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and casts his Cap at the Court and her



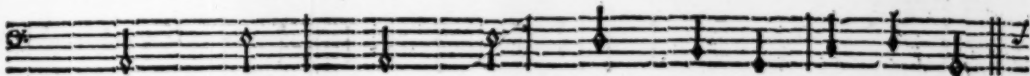
Cares. When to the Town the *Tinker* doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run.



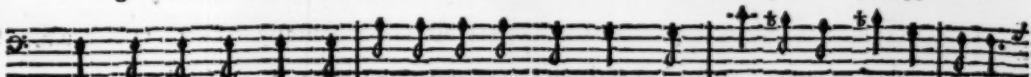
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Bass alone.

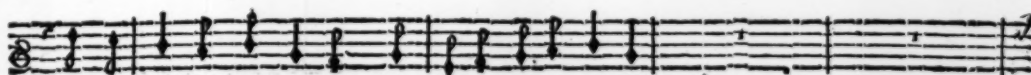
Some bring him bafons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes.

*Chorus.*

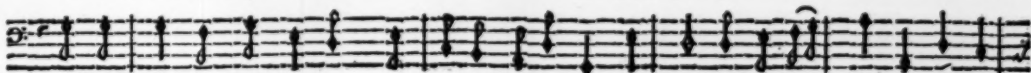
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



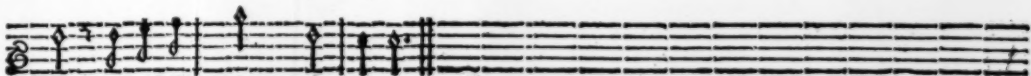
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



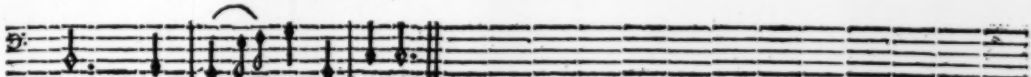
for the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*, the Merry Merry *Tinker*,



for the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*, the Merry Merry *Tinker*, O! he is the Man of Metle,

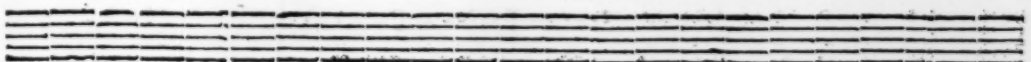
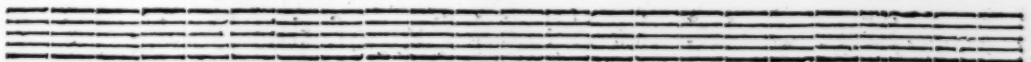


O! he is the Man of Metle.



O! he is the Man of Metle.

Dr. John Wilson.



A Glee.

A. 2. Voc. Treble and Bass.



Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um.

Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um.

If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
 being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,
 to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.

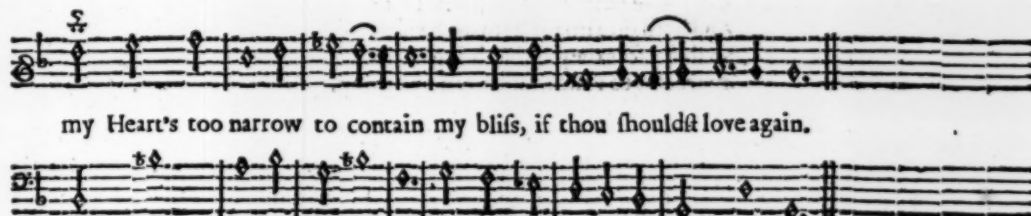
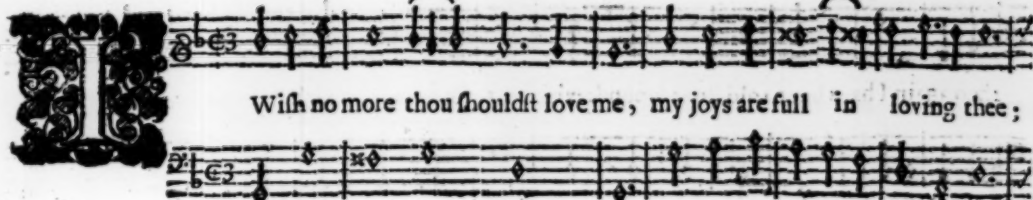


THIRD BOOK.

CONTAINING

Short *AYRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

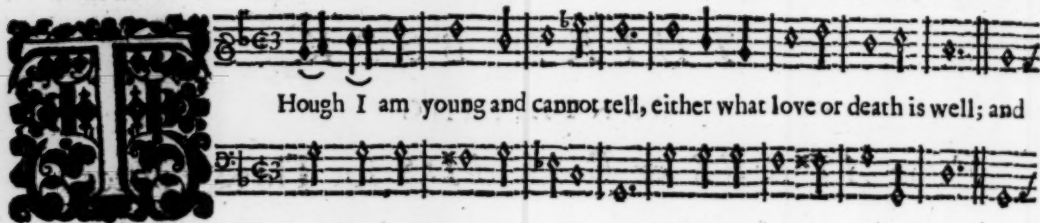
*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. William Webb.**A. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

A a

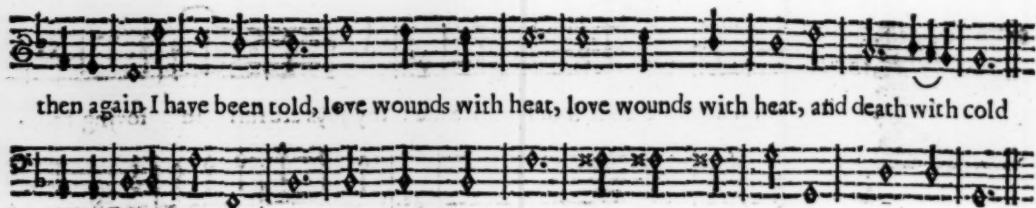
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.



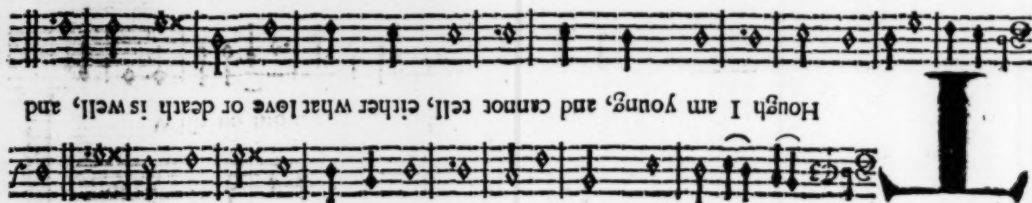
Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and



then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aime at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



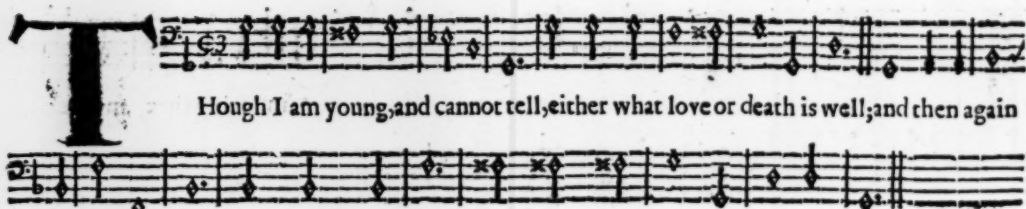
Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



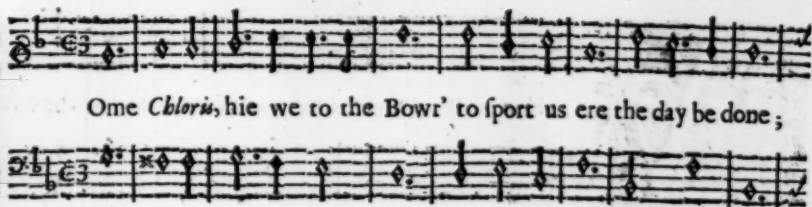
Hough I am young, and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again

I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.

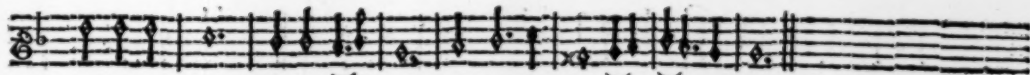
A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

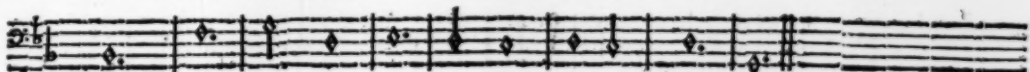
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done;



such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



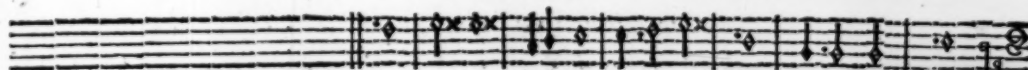
II.

III.

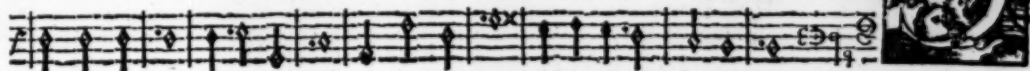
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine Eyes rain,
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Pow'r that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

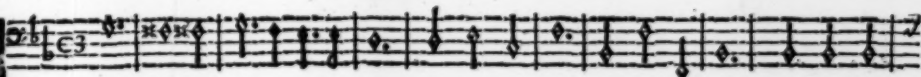


A. 3. Voc.

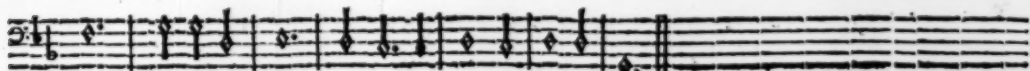
Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to sport us ere the day be done; such is thy

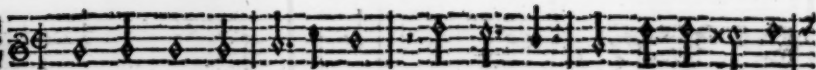
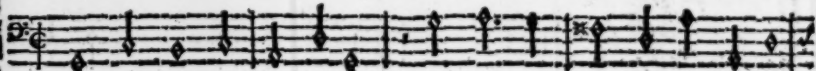


Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

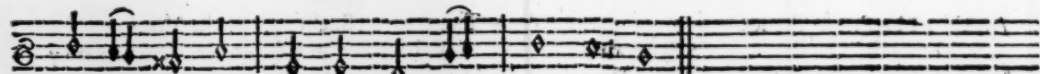
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

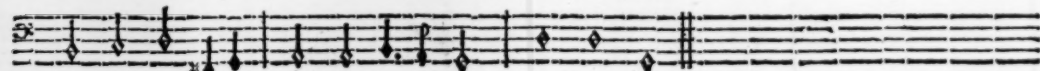
Dr. John Wilson.

Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



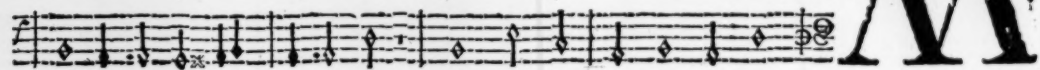
were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.



were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.



yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that

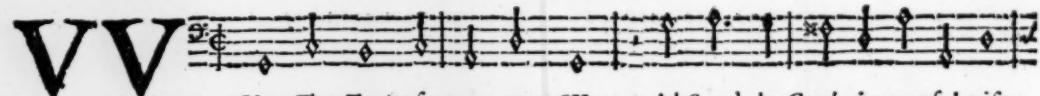
Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

Cantus Secundus.

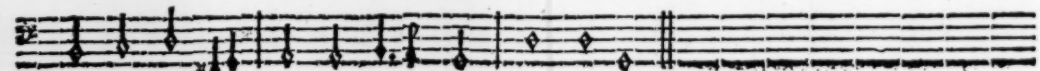
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



were so good, and Corn now grow where Troy Town stood.

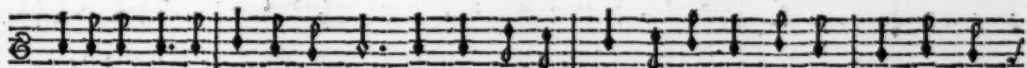
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

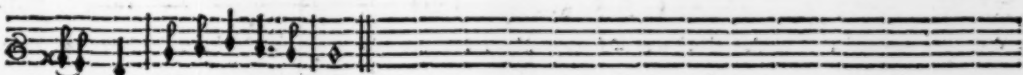
Dr. John Wilson.



Rom the fair *Lavi-ni-an* Shore, I your Markets come to store.
 Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye



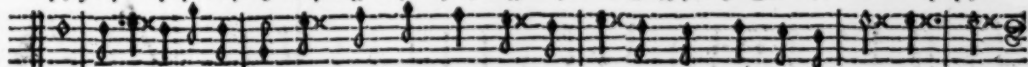
buy, for here it is to be sold.



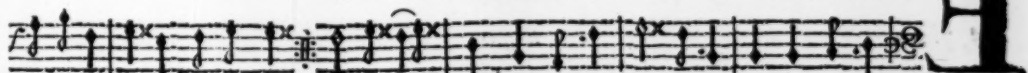
I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
 Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place:
 And what else thou would'st request,
 Even the Thing thou likest best.
 First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
 Then come to me Lad
 Thou shalt have what thy Dad
 Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,
 Here's Complexion in my Pack;
 White and Red you may have in this place,
 To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
 First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
 Then thou shalt seem
 Like a Wench of Fifteen,
 Although thou be threescore Years old.

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markets come to store.
 Muse not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of



Cantus Secundus.

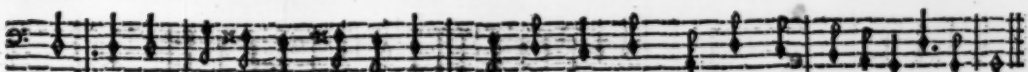
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markets come to store.
 Muse not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of



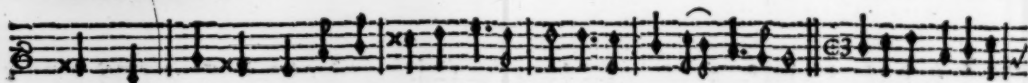
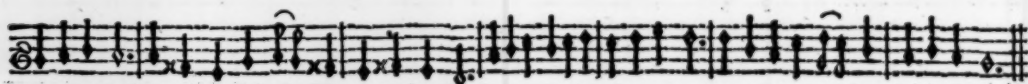
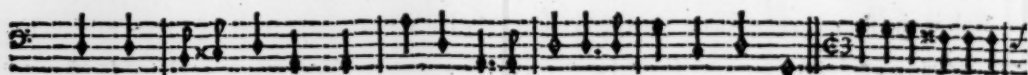
gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

B b

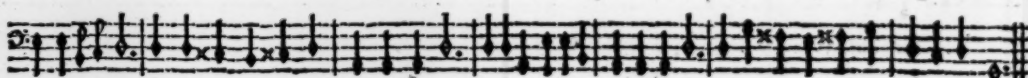
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

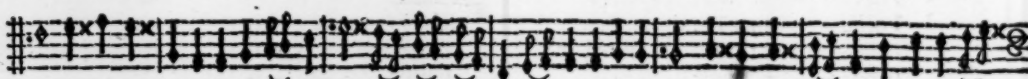
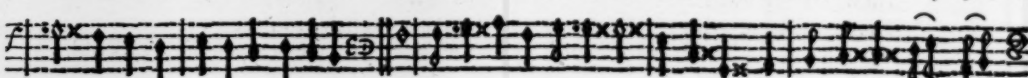
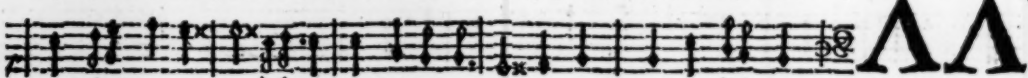
Dr. John Wilson.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there Icowch when *Owles* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow

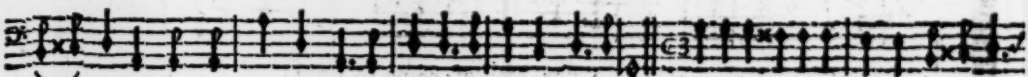
*Owles* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live nowHere the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

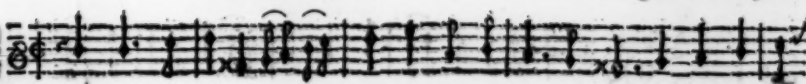
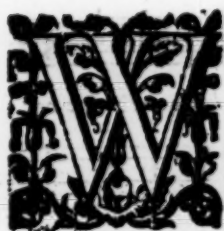
Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when*Owles* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

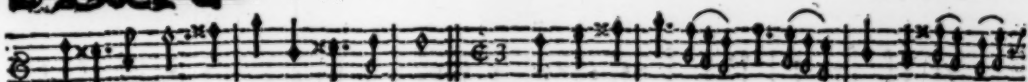
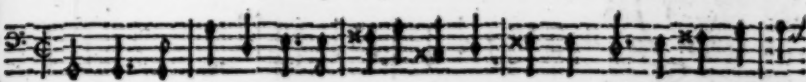
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

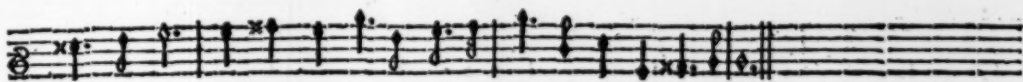
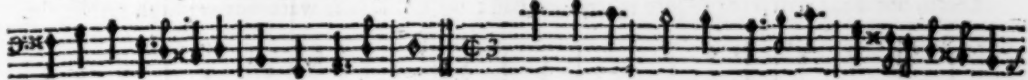
Dr. John Wilson.



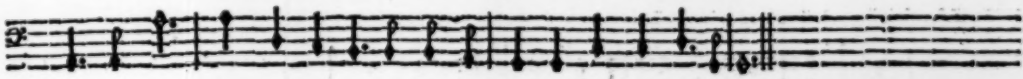
Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



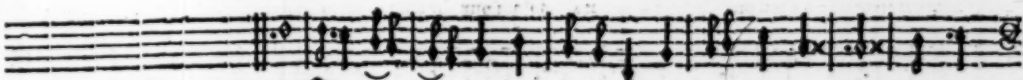
Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd



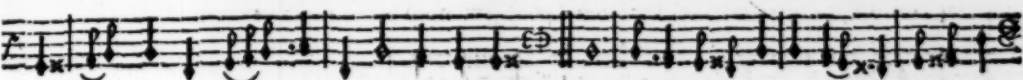
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



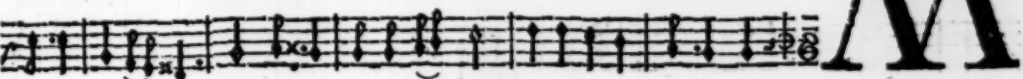
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



the---a brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fet-ter'd



Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

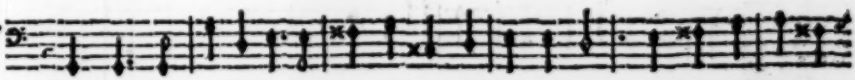


Cantus Secundus.

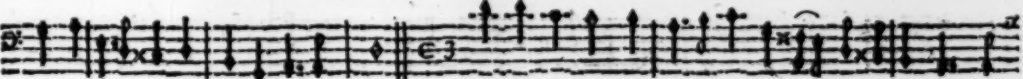
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

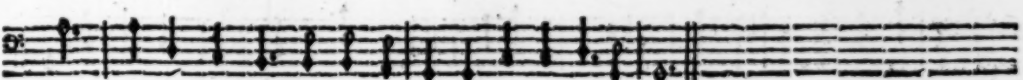
Bassus.



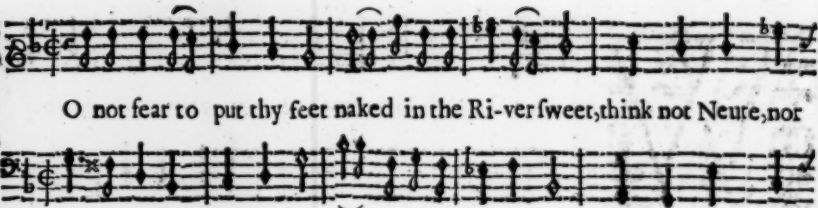
Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



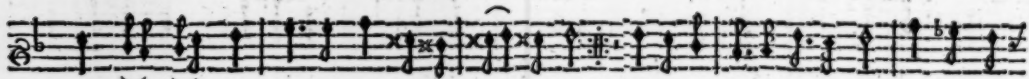
thea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her



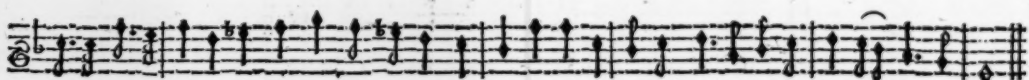
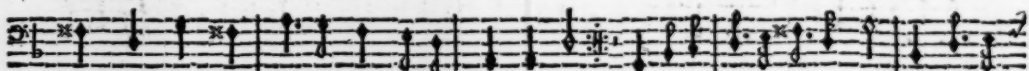
Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Dr. John Wilson.*

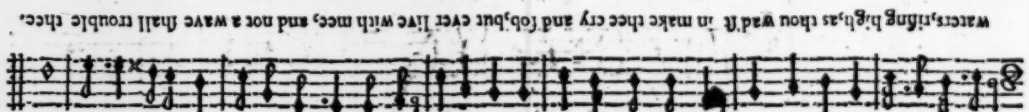
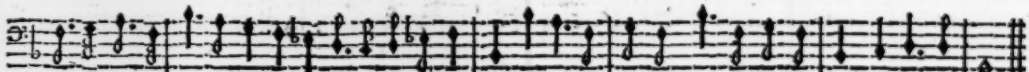
O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neure, nor



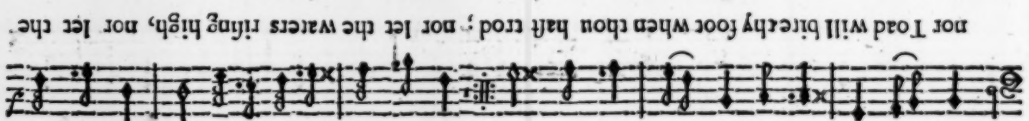
Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters, rising high, nor let the



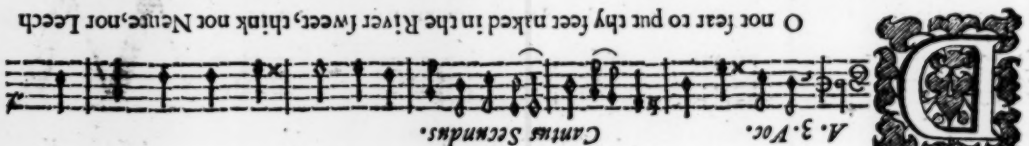
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.



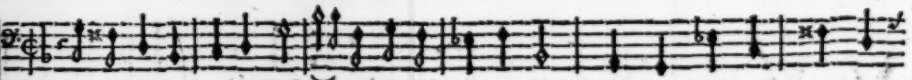
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.



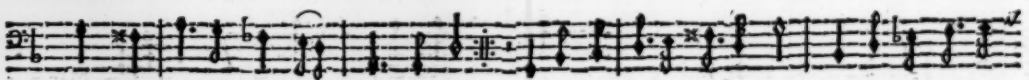
not Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the



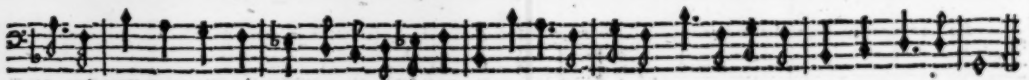
O not fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neure, nor Leech

*Cantus Secundus.**A. 3. Voc.**A. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neure, nor Leech, nor



Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters

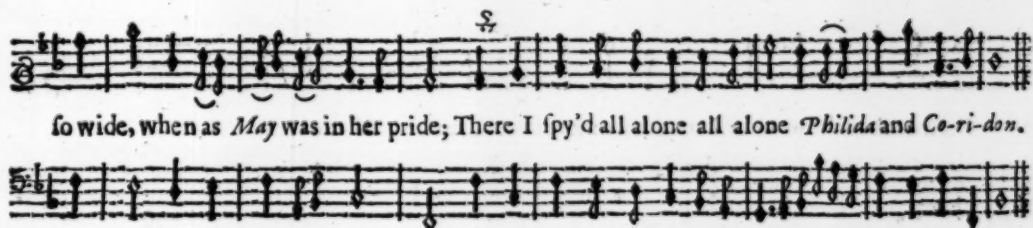
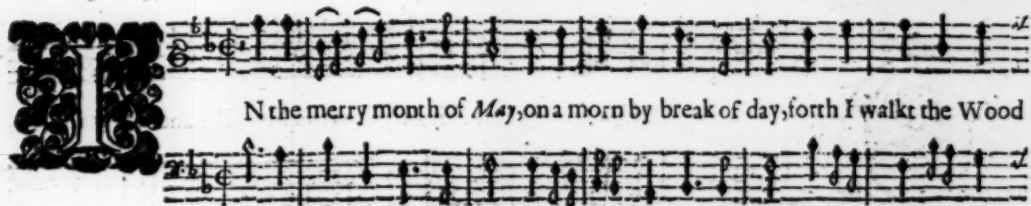


rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



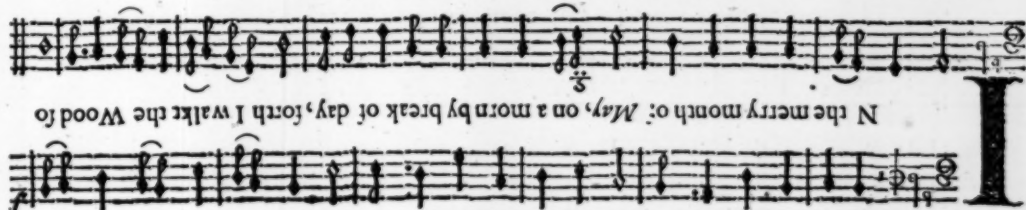
Much adoe there was, God wor,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady May.

wide, when as May was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone Phillida and Coridon.

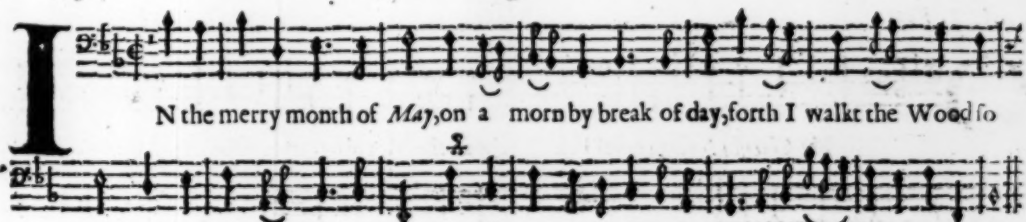


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



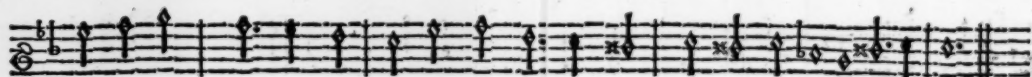
wide, when as May was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone Phi-li-da and Co-ri-don.

C c

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Fresher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.



When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came ;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It peirc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breath once feele the same !

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart, coynefs controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Ler not such Fortune my Love betide ;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd !
Send me not to my Grave
Unpittyed like a slave ;
How can love such usage abide ?

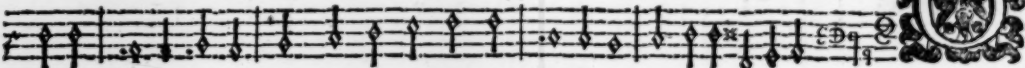
Symphatize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find our relief ;
Cupid wil from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee ;
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burn ;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.



My *Clarissa!* thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air : Fresher

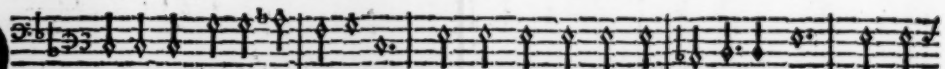


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



My *Clarissa!* thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air : Fresher

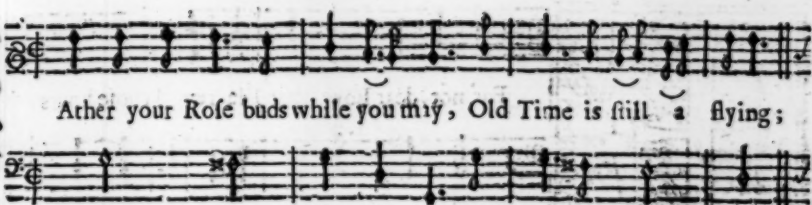


than flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet than they ; Love is the subject of my prayer.

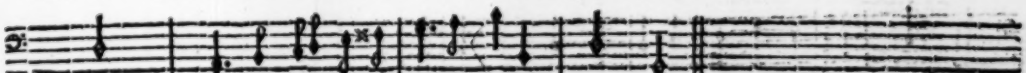
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

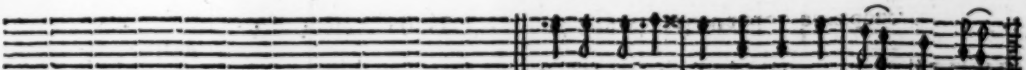


The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

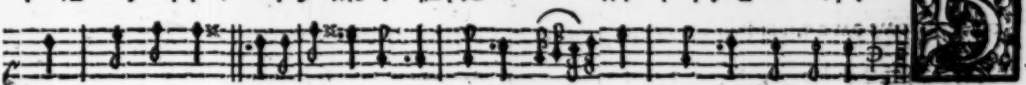
That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r

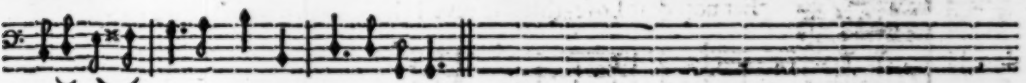
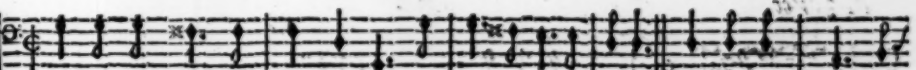


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

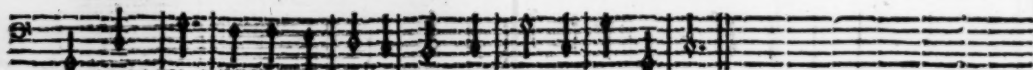
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,



no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in its embraces dwell;
This onely means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no



Cantus Secundus.

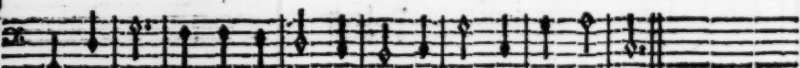
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

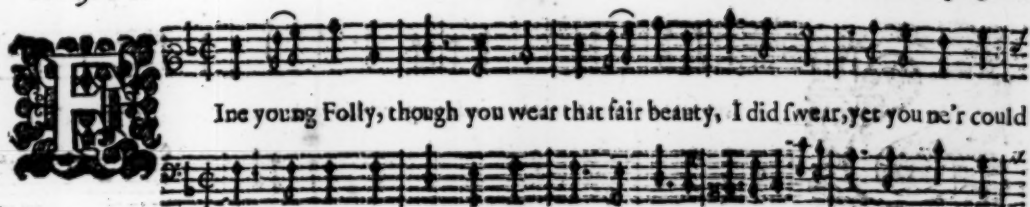


Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

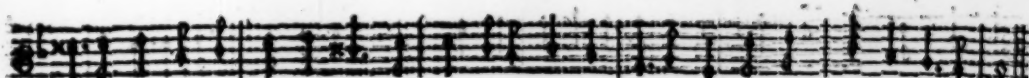
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we comtisers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.



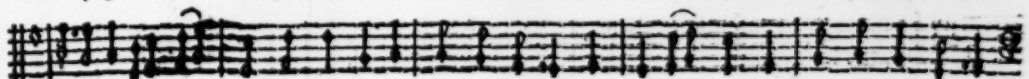
When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud;
For insooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Nor your breath perfumes the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

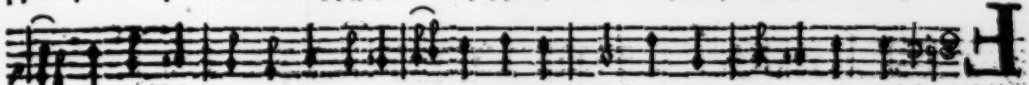
When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrup'lous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,
And I swear I love in jest,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we comtisers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

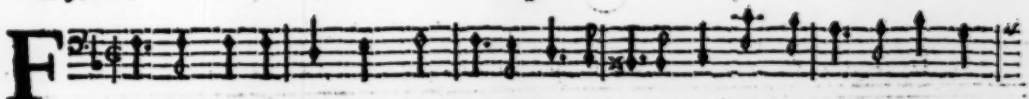


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we comtisers learn at school only with your sex to fool, y's not worth our serious part.

D d

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the

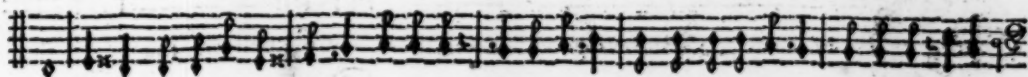
throne, the throne above, to leave their holy business there; shall so much harmony attend to

think the spheres were made in vain? Since here's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, & comforts

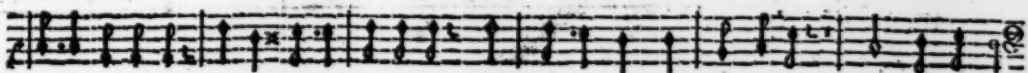
growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,

and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

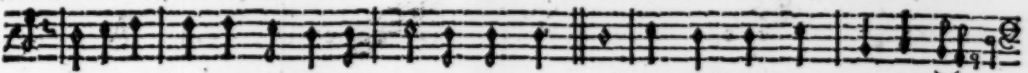
Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



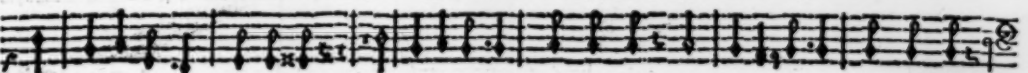
comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a



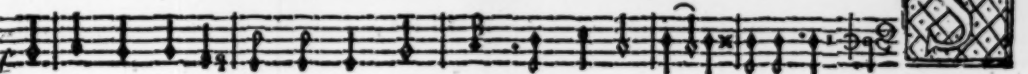
to think the sphears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it



to leave their holy business there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain,



Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,

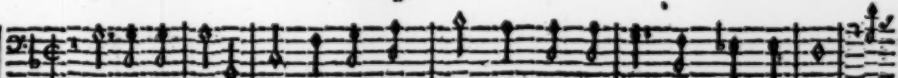


Cantus Secundus.

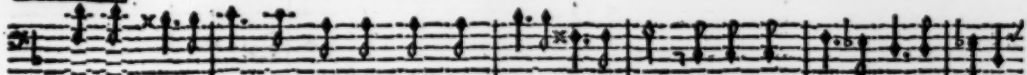
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

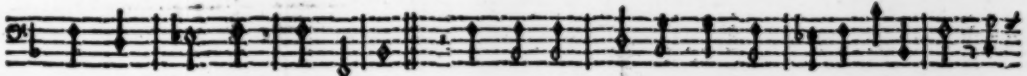
Bassus.



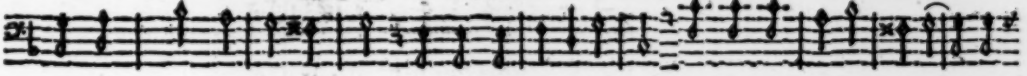
Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to



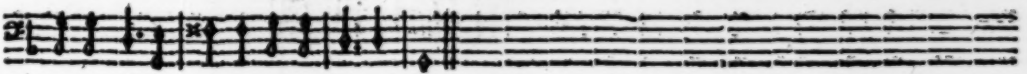
leave their ho-ly business there, till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony at-tain, to



think the sphears were made in vain: Since here's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it



comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lil-ly, and

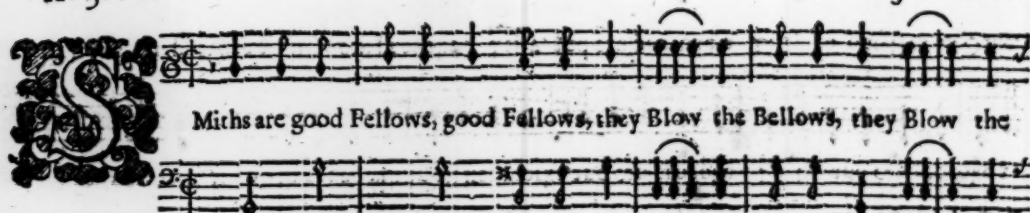


can provoke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

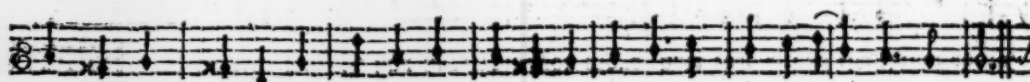
Mr. John Cobb.



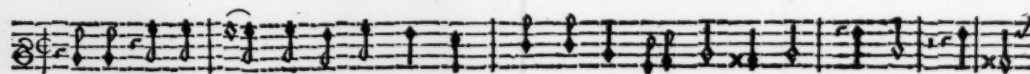
Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the



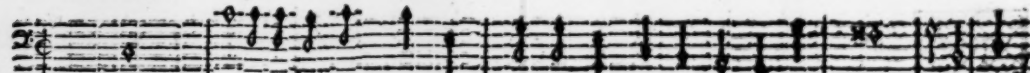
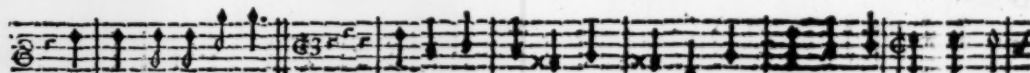
Bellows, they Blow the Bellows while the Iron's hot, though there gains be small, Thy pot and

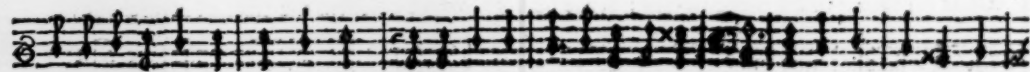
my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call,

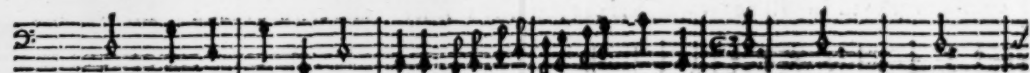
Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,

stand fast with a Winion: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot sure

'tis but opinion Ale hurts the fight, For continually con-ti-nu-al---ly, Thy pot and my pot, come




thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.



come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.

hurts the Sight for continually. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot,

and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion. Thy pot,

come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow is the

blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my pot,

Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.

Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,

they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my

pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white

Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion.

Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

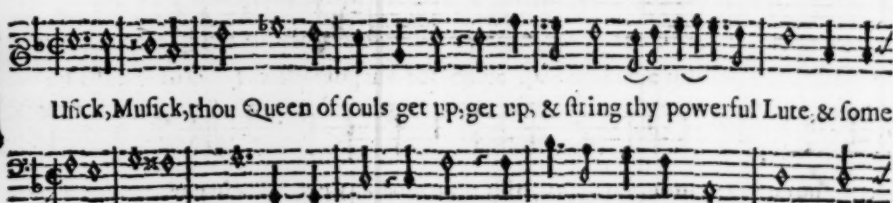
my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

E e

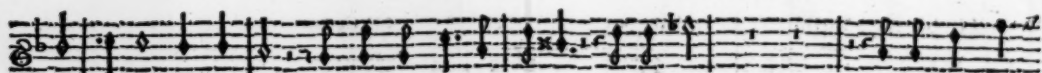
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

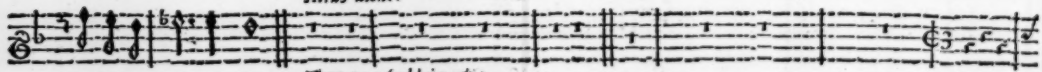
Mr. William Smegergill alias Cæsar.



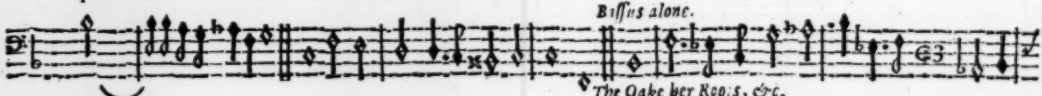
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



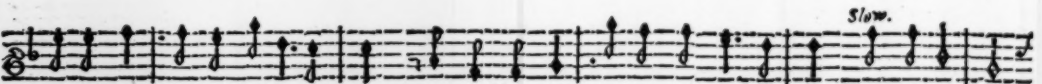
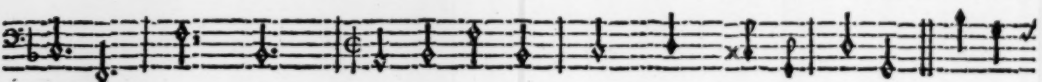
sad, some sad Requiem sing, til Cliffs require thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks

*Alius alone.**Then on a suddain, &c.*

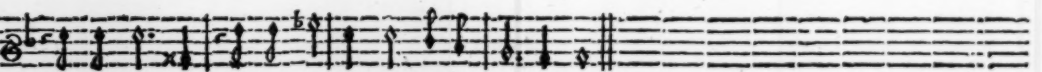
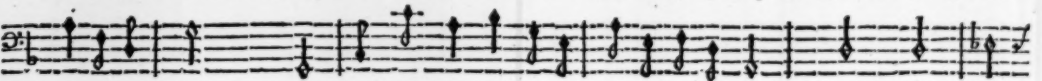
repeat the duller tone,

Biffus alone.*The Oake ber Rods, &c.**Verse alone.**Chorus.*

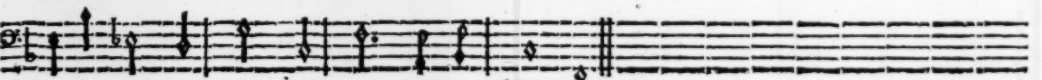
Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars run, & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then

*Slow.*

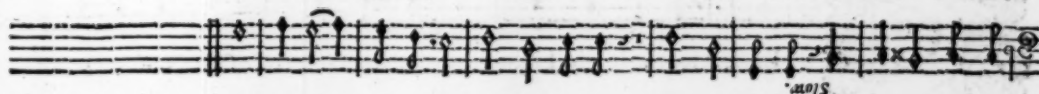
in the midft of all their jolly strain, then in the midft of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,



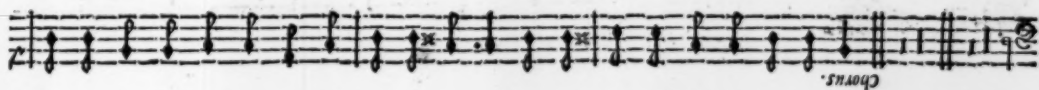
Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



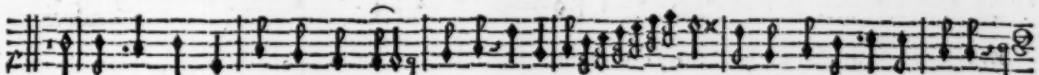
jol-ly, jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.



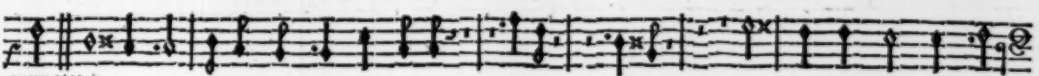
Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their



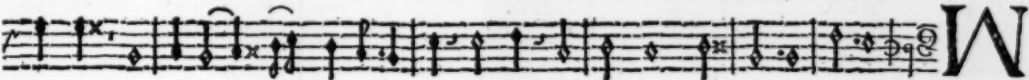
on a luddain, with a nimble hand, run— gently o're the Cords, and so command the Pine to dance:



sad, some sad Requium sing, Eccho, Eccho, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

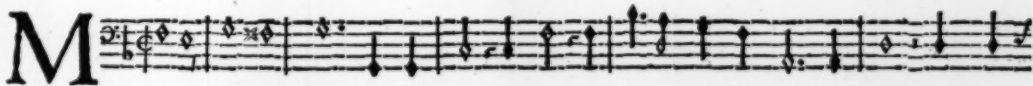


Alms.

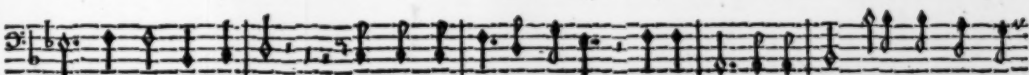
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

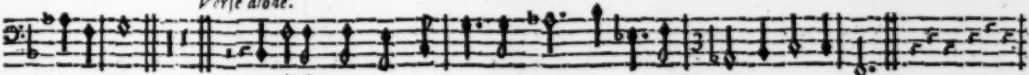


Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerfull Lute, and some



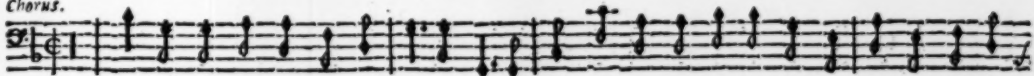
sad some sad Requium sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy

Verse alone.



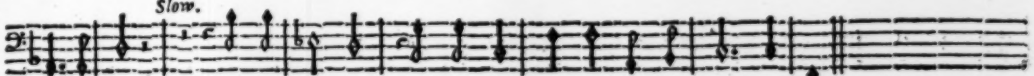
duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:

Chorus.



Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

Slow.

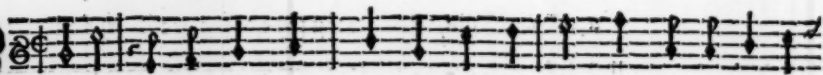


jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

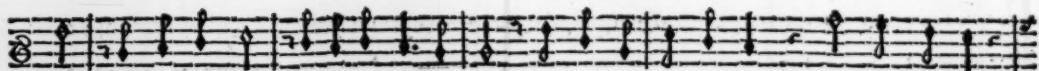
A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

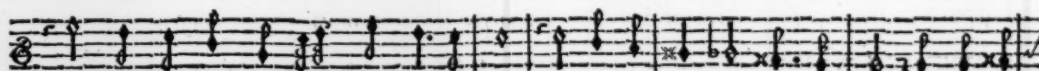
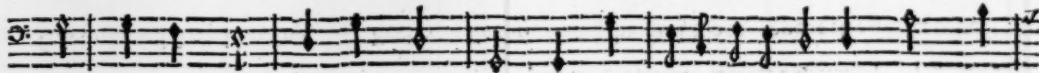
Mr. Jenkins.



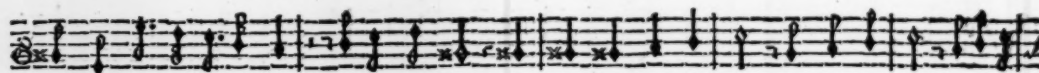
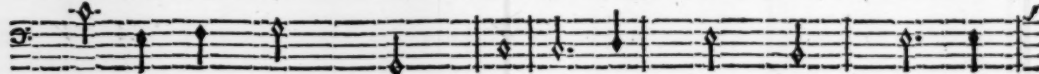
Ee, see, see the bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistris



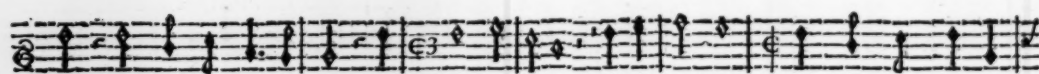
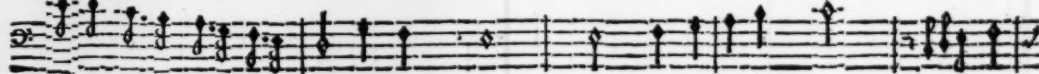
Eyes like Beams divin:; her Glory doth appear and; view the purer light, Stream from her Sight



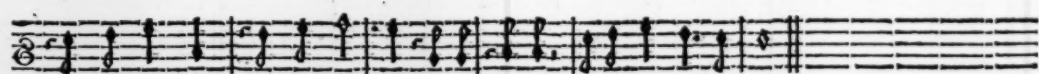
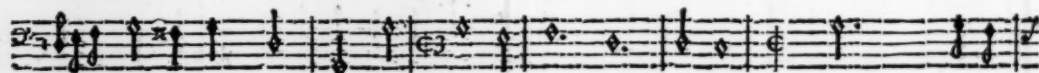
stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here: But vail her leads; Ah then you'll find how night is



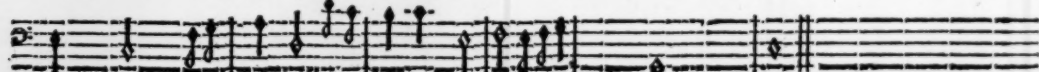
hurl'd about the silent world; and we left blind that darkness seems to prove, for ought we see 'tis only



She make night and day to move, Then shine fair *Celia* left our borrowed light; when your Sun sets,



when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.



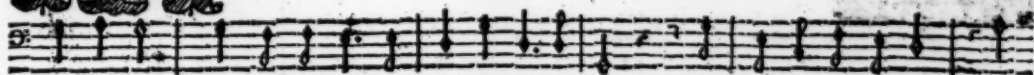
A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

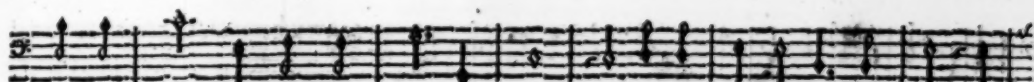
Mr. Jenkins.



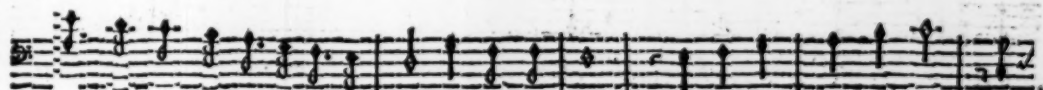
See, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; shot from me



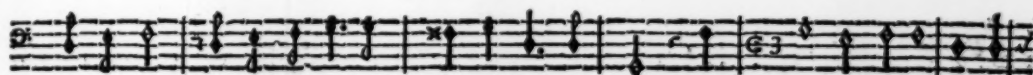
Mistress Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream



from her Sight, whilst she shines clearly here: But veil her lids: Ah then you'll find how



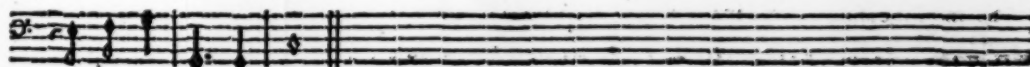
Night is hurl'd about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for



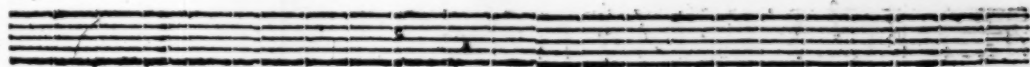
ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move. Then shine fair Calia, left our



borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish,



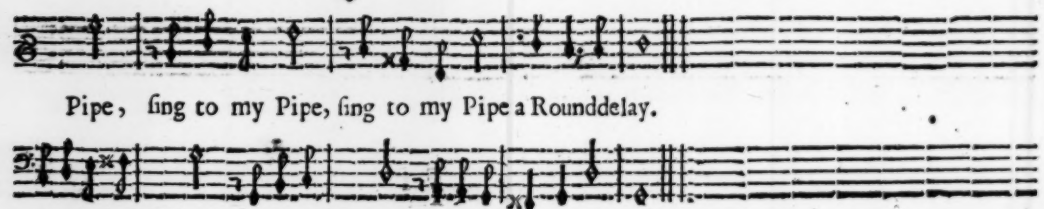
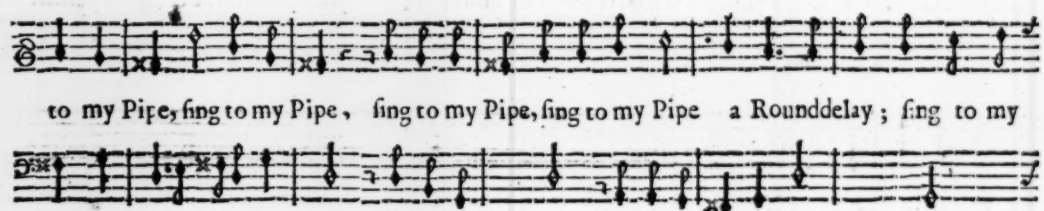
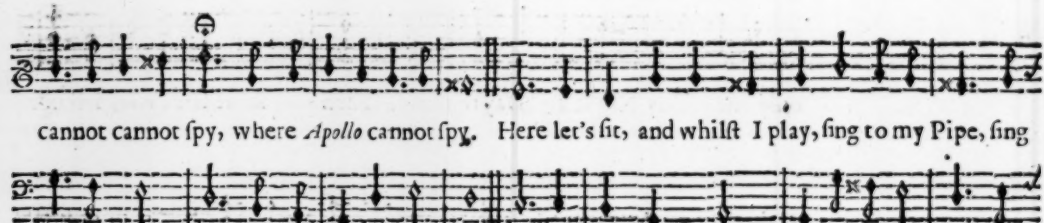
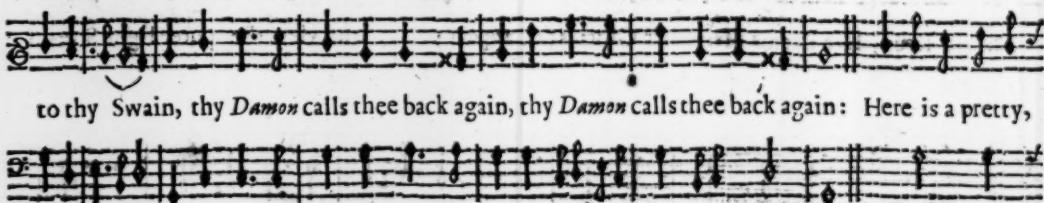
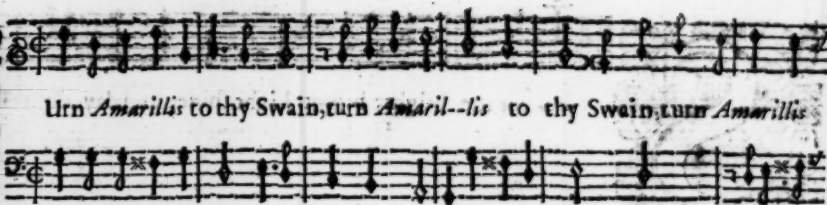
perish in Shades of Night.



A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

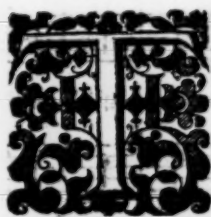
Mr. Tho. Brewer.



A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.



Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*

to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,

Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot spy: where *Apollo*

cannot spy: There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,

sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Roundelay; sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my

Pipe a Roundelay.

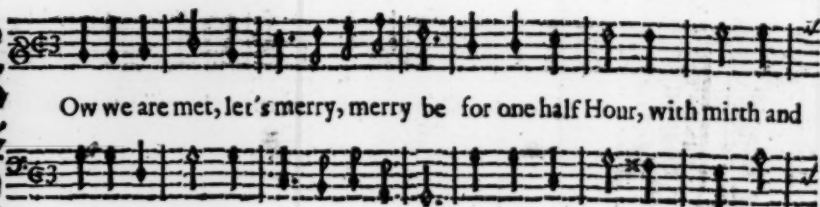
Reader.

Here thou hast this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though of late
Years, two Inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.

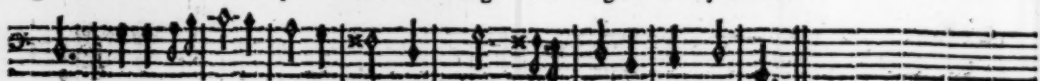
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



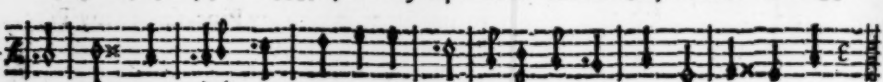
glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.



Now we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :

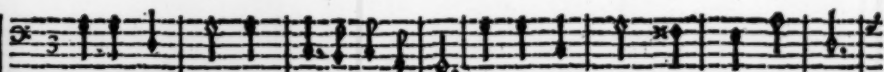


Tenor.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.

In praise of Music.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st Sence
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.

